THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1876. $3 00 a Year, in Advance. $3 50 with Mounted Chromo. No. 31.

Copyrighted in the year 1876, by Reed, Wickersham & Co.

WHEN VIOLETS BLOOM.

BY OLIVE BELL.

The crimson in the western sky
Fades to a dreary leaden gray,
While through a fleecy mass of clouds
The new moon cuts her shining way.
Dim shadows settle on the hills—
Hills ivory white with drifts of snow,
While underneath a fringe of frost
A brooklet babbles, crawling slow.

The ruddy flames, in rambling shapes,
Flit up and down the varnished wall,
While silver bars of pale moonlight
Upon the crimson carpet fall,
As two blue eyes, with wistful glance,
Roams o'er the lofty fire-lit room,
And pale lips murmur, soft and low,
"I shall be well when violets bloom.

"For I long to live, to feel the warmth
Of summer breeze on my cheek,
To feel my languid pulses stirred
By zephyrs playing hide and seek
Among the fragrant beds of flowers
That on every hillside grow,
And watch the golden sunbeams gild
The sunny banks where violets blow."

The winter days creep slowly by,
The warm spring sunshine gladly leaps
Down into hollows lined with moss,
And up the dewy hillsides creeps
To where a clump of violets bloom,
By balmy southern winds caressed,
Whose saintly blossoms, white and pure,
Will deck our darling's stainless breast.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED."

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GROWTH OF MYSTERY.

The next day dawned upon Dover, dammed to all the splendor of June sunshine. Yet in the night that had passed a cloud had fallen which all the suns of summer would not dispel.

Mr. Browning was missing. He had gone out about nine o'clock the previous evening, apparently angry, though why, no one knew. The night had passed without his returning.

This was something very unusual. He never spent the night from home without announcing his intention, and then only when absent from the town.

As the morning moved on without any indication of the cause of his absence, his daughter became alarmed. A servant was sent to the village to make inquiries. His quest was in vain. Mr. Browning had not been seen there.

It was supposed possible that he had taken the night train from the town, called away by some sudden message. But the ticket-agent declared that he had purchased no ticket, and no person had seen him at the station.

Inquiry was next made at the various country-houses which he might possibly have visited. But equally in vain. Three or four hours were thus spent in unavailing search.

The alarm became general. His friends in the town took up the matter, and established a systematic search for the missing man. Fears began to be entertained that some foul play was at the bottom of this strange disappearance.

Certain facts were now developed which had not appeared before. First among these was the circumstance that the telegraph operator, George Downey, had not yet appeared at his office.

He was known to be an eccentric man, who had been growing still more peculiar in his ways lately. Negligence in respect to his duties had occurred on several late occasions, so that his absence was not considered suspicious until several hours had passed from the usual time of opening the office.

On asking for him at his boarding-house, it was found that he, too, had not been home that night. The fact of the quarrel between him and Mr. Browning at once rose into importance. The auditors of this quarrel told of the threats they had heard, abundantly exaggerating them.

Mr. Benton was questioned concerning the quarrel. He shook his head doubtingly, saying that he had feared at the time some ill results. Downey had been very bitter and revengeful.

Harvey Benton was a brother-in-law of the missing man, and now took a prominent interest in the search. He had not appeared until the quest had assumed this serious aspect, and it was noticed that he was unusually pale, with a peculiar expression of countenance.

This, however, was attributed to the shock of the news now told him. He had been on intimate terms with his relative, and though he was no favorite with the people, there was much sympathy with his evident distress. He seemed slightly lame, as if in pain, though he appeared to be making an effort to overcome these indications.

Another link was now added to the chain of evidence. One of the villagers, who had gone that evening to a place at some distance, and who only now related that he had seen Downey, about half-past eight the previous evening, on the high road at some distance from the town.

He had spoken to him on passing, and received no answer from the operator, who was walking and moving his hands in an excited manner. After leaving him some distance behind, he had looked back, and seen that Downey had left the road, and was crossing the fields towards the creek.

It was then rather dark, and the form of the operator was barely distinguishable, but he felt sure that he had noticed another person join him. Of this second person he could only say that he seemed to be of a tall figure.

The hour, of which he felt sure, proved that this could not have been Mr. Browning, as he had not left his house till a later hour.

The next point was brought out by Mary Browning, who had found in the library a note, crumpled as if in anger, and laying partly concealed, in a corner of the apartment. Mr. Benton and others had been in the room previously, but had failed to discover this paper. On reading it, it proved to be a written message from Downey, to her father, which ran as follows:

"SIR:—Yesterday you insulted me grossly. To-day you treated me as slaves are treated, to the whip. You took a mean and unmanly advantage of me, when your tools were around to save you from my just vengeance. Coward! You dare not meet me man to man, with none to step between. I know you for a base poltroon. I defy you and spit upon you! If you have the heart of a man, I will be at the turn of the creek above the town at nine o'clock to-night. If you dare show yourself there, you will receive the chastisement you so richly deserve. I will teach you, coward, what it is to incur the vengeance of an honest man.

GEORGE DOWNEY."

This letter excited the strongest apprehensions. Mr. Browning had left the house about the hour mentioned. Investigation disclosed the fact that he had taken with him, not only a heavy, loaded cane, but also a small, single-barrelled pistol. The mystery was deepening. If foul play had occurred, to which of the two missing men was it to be attributed, to the infuriated operator, or to the choleric gentleman?

The party of searchers at once followed up this discovery, with the exception of Mr. Benton; he remained at Vinedell to attend to Mary Browning, whose distress at her father's disappearance was rendered doubly intense by the reading of this epistle.

The spot mentioned was familiar to them all. It was a little-frequented locality, where the stream made a sharp bend, some quarter of a mile above the village. A few rods of swampy ground rendered it difficult of approach, except by following the banks of the creek.

Arrived here, the marks of a struggle were at once evident. The grass had been trodden down for a considerable space around. At one side lay a cap, which was at once recognized as having been worn by Downey.

On examining it a fearful link in the chain of mystery was observed. The inside of the cap was red with clotted blood.

All stood appalled, their eyes seeking each other with glances of affright, as this silent witness of a terrible crime met their startled gaze. The dread of murder, which had been obtruding itself upon their minds, but to which no one had yet ventured to give voice, now became a soul-curdling reality, a most horrible development in the mystery which had been growing upon them.

Closer search showed that the grass was spotted with blood, and that a red pool had been sucked in by the thirsty soil just where the struggle had been fiercest.

Point by point the dreadful circumstance was being unfolded. Yet they had not touched the threshold of the difficulty. Which of the missing men had shed this crimson life current there was nothing to show! It was known that Mr. Browning was armed. Downey, also, was probably prepared for offensive action. He had lately showed signs of a weakened brain. May he not, in a sudden impulse of insanity, have committed murder?

The active lad, who had served the missing operator as messenger boy, had joined the party of searchers, and at this moment announced a discovery. He had found, at some distance out in the swampy ground, a small pistol. This was recognized as the weapon of Mr. Browning. It had not been discharged.

The glad thought of his friends that this proved him free from crime was negatived by the dread that he was the victim of a murderer.

But the cane was yet missing, and their utmost search failed to give them any clue to it. This was a weapon almost as efficient as the pistol. Its disappearance was a doubtful sign.

The letter bearing Downey's signature, whose insulting language had lured his antagonist to this fatal spot, was produced and again read. They could see in it no positive proof of a murderous frame of mind in the writer, though it indicated in him a very exasperated frame of mind.

The lad stood on tiptoe, glancing over the shoulder of the reader upon the suspicious document.

"But that ain't Mr. Downey's handwriting!" he suddenly exclaimed.

Startled by this remark, they all turned toward the speaker.

"Are you sure of that?" asked the man who held the letter.

"Sure of it! I should think so. I couldn't no more be mistaken in his hand than I could forget when dinner-time comes. He never writ that dockement."

"By Jove! this is adding mystery to mystery," said the speaker. "Who then did write it?"

"You've got me there, Mr. Jones. I know somebody's forged his name, and I dunno no more about it. Here's Mr. Downey's writing."

He drew an open letter from his pocket and handed it to the speaker.

A close comparison of the two letters was made, with varying opinions. It was ended by Mr. Jones, who said, decidedly:

"The boy is right. There has been an attempt to imitate Mr. Downey's handwriting, but not a very successful one. There is more in this matter than has yet appeared. Do you remember the person who was seen to meet Downey last night? This lets us into an entirely new feature of the case. A strong effort must be made to find out whose writing this most resembles."

"I am pretty well acquainted with the hand of all the people round here, but I do not recognize that writing," said another. "Besides, who is there we could suspect."

"That is not to the point. We can suspect no one without proof," said Mr. Jones. "It will not do to dismiss this evidence so quickly. It is a disguised hand. If we can, after comparison, ascribe it to any party, then it will be time to talk of suspicion."

The next feature in the development of the case was the disappearance of a boat belonging to the farmer on whose grounds the apparent murder had taken place.

It had been left tied within a short distance of the spot. It was sought for a mile up and down the creek, but could not be found.

Toward evening, however, the boat was brought back to Dover by a waterman, who had discovered it some five miles down the stream, where it had lodged in a bushy turn in the bank. To the horror of the finder, and of all the villagers, it was found to be stained in a dozen places with blood, which had apparently flowed freely into its bottom.

Some effort had been made to wash it out, but it had not succeeded in removing the tell-tale indications. Under the seat lay Mr. Browning's cane, its head stained deeply with the crimson witness of crime.

"DO YOU DARE ACCUSE ANY ONE IN THIS HOUSE OF MAKING AWAY WITH YOUR PAPERS?" ASKED MR. BENTON, IN A THREATENING VOICE.

The mystery deepened with each successive moment. The question now became—Who had forged the letter purporting to come from Downey? Who was the third person connected with the terrible though hidden crime?

There was no one in the vicinity to whom they thought of ascribing their complicity. The lives and characters of all the inhabitants were well known. There was no man of murderous tendencies dwelt near Dover.

The third person must be a stranger. Then came whispers of a strangely behaved traveller who was stopping at the village inn. Who he was nobody knew. He had arrived the previous morning, and had talked and acted in a very peculiar manner. A little weak-minded the innkeeper thought him.

It soon came out that he had visited and had an interview with Mr. Browning the same day. His odd behavior in the house was recounted by the servants. Loud words had been heard between him and his host. As he left the house, he had been heard to bid the latter to beware, and had spoken of bloodshed.

Further inquiry elicited the fact that he had left the inn about eight o'clock in the evening, and had not returned till after ten. That morning, immediately after breakfast, he had taken the train southward from the town, purchasing a ticket to the next important station.

The case was certainly growing serious. Many leaped to the conclusion that this man must be connected with the mystery, and the intention was entertained of sending an officer after him to bring him back to Dover, on the charge of being an accomplice in the supposed murder.

Mary Browning was too much affected by the fearful revelations which had come to her ears to be aware of what was now occurring. She was in a pitiable state of grief and terror, the efforts of Mr. Benton and other friends being unable to distract her mind from its one dreadful fear.

She alone could have told of the occasion of the stranger's visit, and who he was, but no one thought of broaching the matter.

Mr. Lovelace settled the question of pursuit by himself quietly returning to the village that afternoon. The purpose of arrest of which the people had spoken during his absence, seemed less advisable in his presence.

The question arose—Arrest for what? It was not even known that any crime had been committed. There was but a suspicion of complicity, based upon a suspicion of crime—certainly not sufficient to justify such decided action.

He could not but perceive that something unusual had occurred during his absence, and that he somehow had grown very interesting to the townsmen.

Nor was he long in inquiring and in hearing of the events of the day. He seemed very strongly affected by the serious tidings, and it was perceived that he shortly after left the hotel, and set out on foot in the direction of Vinedell.

No further revelations came to the ears or eyes of the people that day, but the next day the news got afloat among them as to who the stranger really claimed to be.

This was by no means calculated to allay their suspicions. His reputation as a boy still clung to him, and there were many ready to vow that there was no crime too heinous for John Lovelace to commit.

But the discovery of his personality came not alone. It was well-known that he was heir to a large estate—Mr. Browning being his guardian. It came out that he had left papers with this gentleman during his first visit there, in proof that he was the person that he represented himself to be.

He had made inquiry for these papers during his last visit, telling where Mr. Browning had placed them. The place was searched and they were not to be found—they had disappeared.

The whole library and other probable places in the house were examined, but in vain. No trace of the important papers was to be discovered.

The servants were closely questioned, but no one had seen or knew anything concerning them.

The object of this search came to the ears of Miss Browning. She acknowledged that her father had told her Mr. Lovelace's visit, and the circumstance of his leaving these papers. She did not remember having mentioned the matter to anyone.

Mr. Benton had been in the house for an hour on the afternoon of this visit, and had been closeted with her father. No one else had called.

Mr. Benton was questioned, but he was utterly ignorant of the matter. Mr. Browning had not mentioned it to him.

John Lovelace had pressed this inquiry with some vigor. He acknowledged openly that he could not prove his identity without the aid of these papers, and appeared very seriously troubled at their loss.

CHAPTER V.

HARVEY BENTON DOMICILED.

The circumstances detailed in the last chapter remained without important addition, though a week had passed since that eventful date. No trace had yet been found of either of the missing men—no further evidence discovered, adding to the suspicion of murder.

Yet every effort had been made to unfold the mystery. One, at least, of the men must be in existence, and the whole country round was thoroughly investigated, and the telegraph put into requisition to arouse the police of more distant towns and cities.

But all in vain. They had, to all appearance, utterly vanished from the world of men and left no trace behind. The stream was dragged from the point of the struggle to that in which the boat had been found, but without favorable result.

The alarm and agitation of the people increased rather than diminished as the week went by and the mystery constantly deepened. A detective officer from a neighboring city was summoned, and made acquainted with the facts, but had, up to the close of the week, been able to form no definite conclusion.

Harvey Benton, in company with a magistrate of the town, had examined the papers of his brother-in-law, partly to learn if they might yield any clue to the secret of his disappearance, partly to seek for directions in regard to the disposal of his property.

No will was found, but there were written instructions that seemed intended to place Mr. Benton in temporary charge of the estate, as guardian of his niece until her majority. These instructions were submitted to the legal authorities of the county, and it was the general opinion that this was Mr. Browning's purpose. Mr. Benton accordingly took up his residence at Vinedell, and entered upon the management of the large property thus given to his care. His own circumstances were limited, and the change could not be other than agreeable to him in a pecuniary point of view.

Miss Browning had taken no part in this arrangement. She was too deeply depressed with grief for her to be able to attend to details of business. In fact, the men who had taken the matter in hand never thought of consulting her inclinations. As the case stood, they had no sufficient warrant to consider her an orphan, and Mr. Benton was but placed in temporary supervision.

This gentleman seemed hardly in a fit condition for such a responsibility. He had been growing more and more ill the whole week—a nervous affection, attended with extreme pallor of countenance and lack of control of his muscular powers.

His physician knew not what to make of it, or if he did, kept his opinion to himself, affecting to make light of what were really alarming indications.

On the occasion in which we again introduce him to the reader, he was seated in an easy chair in the room at Vinedell which had served Mr. Browning as an office. Opposite him sat our old acquaintance, John Milton Lovelace.

The latter gentleman had passed the week with very little manifestation of interest in the subject that was agitating the community. After the unsuccessful search for his papers, he had spent most of his time in idle lounging about the inn, either undecided what course to pursue, or waiting with some fixed purpose.

He was now seated in a careless attitude, listening to the remarks of his companion.

"My dear sir," the latter was saying, "I don't say that I have any special reason to doubt your word, but you must be aware that I have no special reason to accept it. In that respect I am in a negative state of mind. Of course, I am open to conviction. You have only to advance sufficient proofs."

"Which is just what I have done. The proofs are here—in this house. I call on you to produce them."

"To which I make no objection. Show me what they are and where they are, and no one more ready than I to do you full justice."

"They are documents which I left in Mr. Browning's hands, fully establishing my identity."

"Yet this is but an assertion," said Mr. Benton in a very grave tone. "There are no such papers here. It is not at all probable that Mr. Browning removed them in his unexplained disappearance. You certainly cannot expect to possess yourself of a valuable property on the strength of an unsupported statement of this kind. The search you demanded was made, and without success. Indeed, I could not help feeling somewhat indignant that you should so early intrude on Miss Browning's grief and the distress of the household with such a claim. Common courtesy demanded that you should have allowed a reasonable time to elapse, instead of so inopportunely pressing a demand which, to appearance, had no foundation in fact. You must see that it was ill-advised."

"You cannot conceive how much obliged I am to you for your kind advice," replied Lovelace, somewhat sarcastically. "It is rather unfortunate that I did not meet with you sooner, so as to profit by your opinion. May I venture to ask one question?"

"Certainly."

"I am anxious to know how much you suppose Miss Browning and the household matter to me. For instance, about what per cent. of your interest in yourself would you quote your interest in a parcel of strangers?"

"There are cases in which selfishness is an unwarrantable fault."

"Precisely. And cases in which it is a very useful virtue."

"This is not one of those cases."

"Pardon me again, I am inclined to think that it is."

"For a household plunged in grief to be troubled by a mercenary demand that could as well have been left for a more decorous time was, to say the least, unpleasant, and pained me exceedingly."

"Oh, I can play Shylock on occasion. You should see me as the mercenary Israelite. 'My ducats! my ducats!' Not 'my daughter.' It's only 'my ducats' in this version of the play."

"So it appears. Shylock is a good parallel."

"Isn't he? Oh, I am a veritable Shylock. Pity 'twas to disturb this grieving household. I should have waited longer, no doubt. Unfortunately, in my grasping spirit, I did not care one fig for the household or two figs for the daughter. Yet I will admit that I did wrong."

"I knew you must admit it if you properly considered the matter," said Mr. Benton, with an appearance of satisfaction.

"Yes. I acknowledge my error in being so slow about the matter. I left it just long enough for the papers to make a total disappearance."

Mr. Benton half rose from his chair, with a very angry expression of countenance.

"Do you dare accuse anyone in this house of making away with your papers?" he asked, in a threatening voice.

"Why I have a good deal of that kind of impudence about me," drawled out Lovelace, placing one foot on the table before him, and looking his questioner coolly in the eye. "Now, if I were out west, where they've got a fashion of calling things by their right names and settling them quietly among themselves, I don't think I would waste many words in accusing anybody. I have found a little application of toothpick very beneficial in such cases."

He leisurely drew from his pocket a large-bladed bowie knife, with which he affected to pick his teeth. Mr. Benton turned yet paler and staetched out his arm for the bell-pull.

"Don't get flustered," said Lovelace, replacing the dangerous-looking weapon in his pocket. "I am in a civilized quarter now, where people don't carve out their fortunes. No, they make them by the process known as picking and stealing."

"Your threats are of no avail with me," cried Benton, angrily. "You claim to have left papers here. No such papers are to be found. You claim to be an old resident of this town. Nobody recognizes you. Do you suppose we are all fools to swallow such puff as that, and kindly hand you over another man's property?"

"Not fools, but rogues," replied Lovelace, rising and confronting Benton with a steady glance, from which his eyes seemed to flinch. "Mr. Browning acknowledged to his daughter that he received those papers. Is the daughter a liar, or am I? You had an interview with him afterwards. He told you of my visit, and of my leaving documents to prove my claim."

"How dare you say so?" cried Benton, springing to his feet.

"Keep cool, now. You talk of puff. Don't try to put any of that commodity down my throat. I tell you, Mr Harvey Benton, that you are the man to whom I intend to look for those missing papers, and if they don't come to light, I'm just the fellow that will make this place so confounded hot for you that you will think a certain unmentionable place is just under the soles of your feet."

"Villain and liar!" cried Benton, in a fury. "Another such accusation, and by the God that made me ——"

"Swear by the share the devil had in making you," interrupted the other, with an unflinching gaze. "He is most like to listen to such an oath. I've heard pistol bullets buzz pretty close to my ear before now, and I didn't scare worth a cent. So take my advice and save your breath to cool your porridge. I've got a habit of sticking to what I promise. The documents were placed in a cabinet drawer in the library. That is where they belong. If they don't quietly find their way back there, somebody I know will be sorry."

"All right, sir," said Benton, with an effort at coolness. "I hope they'll get back. Why don't you write to some of your circus-riding and tumbling friends, and get their evidence in your favor."

"Thank you for reminding me. Strange that I did not think of it myself. There is another thing, also, that will be worth trying. Suppose I just pull at a ring that I have got in a certain animal's nose."

"I never understand metaphor," said Benton, calmly.

"Don't you? You should study it. It's a very pretty branch of literature. My ring is simply to ask: Harvey, where is thy brother-in-law?"

Benton turned still paler for an instant, as these words were spoken in a grave, impressive tone. Otherwise he preserved his composure, and a new, indefinable expression—boding no good to the speaker—flitted across his face and was gone. Not too soon, though, for it to escape the keen eyes of Lovelace.

"This interview has been prolonged too much for all that is likely to come of it," said Benton, in a mild tone. "There is no use in talking nonsense to each other, and I have business to attend to. Permit me to conduct you to the door."

"With pleasure," said Lovelace. "I appreciate the honor of your escort."

The room opened into a hall leading to the front door. The host walked with a quick step past his guest, brushing him as he passed, and opening the front door for his exit.

"I have the honor to wish you a very good day," he said.

"*Au Revoir!*" replied Lovelace, with a polite wave of the hand.

As he went on, a serious look came upon his face.

"Miching Mallecho, he means mischief," he said to himself, quoting Hamlet, "But if I don't twist the ring in that pig's nose till he squeals, then sell me for a donkey. He's the lad that has the papers. How kind of him to advise me to hunt up proofs for him. If I only knew where old Anthony King or Tom Brown was. But the fools went prospecting West, and are, I suppose, gobbled up by Indians before now. I made a blunder in changing my name when I went circussing. Those documents are worth a neat penny to me now, and I'll have them, or Rome shall howl."

CHAPTER VI.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

In the office of Joel Brown, attorney-at-law of Dover, a number of citizens were assembled. These included several special friends of Mr. Browning, and they were all men who were strongly inclined to believe that a murder had been committed.

They had come together principally at the instance of detective Fogg, who, having considered the case from its various points of view, wished to have a private talk upon the matter with the prominent citizens of Dover.

This officer was a short, stout individual, with full face, and every evidence of having been a good liver. His features bore an expression of shrewdness—or what might have been mere cunning—but their most prominent indication was that of strong self-sufficiency.

The meeting had been in session for some time, and he had heard in silence the opinions of the others. The various points of evidence had been considered, and the messenger boy of the missing operator examined as to his knowledge of the case. The latter now sat, half-coiled up, on a low stool in the corner, eagerly listening to the discussion.

"I have attended carefully to your opinions, gentlemen," said the detective, rising and assuming a commanding attitude, "for we officers have to use every means of arriving at a decision, and we never know when we may receive a valuable hint. At the same time, you must permit me to observe that your opinions are crude. Of course, you are not posted in delicate affairs of this kind, and naturally form superficial theories."

"Very true," said a little, red-faced man, whose eyes were fixed with wondering admiration on the speaker.

"I cannot say," continued Mr. Fogg, "that I have quite satisfied myself about this business. There are some mysterious—very mysterious—points connected with it."

"Just so," ejaculated Wellington Smith, the red-faced man.

"And yet I am not without my opinion," continued the speaker, with lofty disdain of this interruption; "my theory, I may say, to use a more forcible term. There is a mystery, but there are circumstances. Now it is my experience that no mystery can stand before the man who has learned how to handle circumstances."

"That depends greatly on the character of the circumstances," said Lawyer Brown.

"Very true; very true, sir. I acknowledge your point. It is well taken. But suffer me to say that we detectives never step out without knowing what kind of ground is before us. As I was saying, I have a theory."

"No doubt of it," said Mr. Smith, with a reproachful glance at the offending lawyer.

"In the first place, some person unknown has fallen a victim to the hand of some unknown assassin. You may consider this a self-evident proposition. Nothing of the kind. No man of you can prove to me that either of them is murdered, or that either of them is living."

"Well, that is just as it struck me," said Wellington Smith, energetically.

"You are all of the opinion that Mr. Browning has been murdered, and that George Downey is an assassin."

"Not by no means," cried the boy, suddenly springing up. "I don't take that down, nohow you can fix it."

"Hold your tongue, sir, or get out of here," cried Mr. Smith, indignantly, frowning fiercely on the boy.

"Let the lad speak," said the detective, benignantly. "Who knows but that he may have an idea worth hearing. It is not men only that can see through millstones."

"If you want my notion, it's my notion that Mr. Downey has gone under," cried the boy, in earnest tones. "I don't say as who's put him out of the way, but I've got my idee."

"And what is your idea?" asked Detective Fogg.

"It's a boy's notion, that's all, and if it's the same to you, I'll keep my tongue inside my teeth, and keep my notions to myself."

The lad seated himself again, with a dogged expression on his face, as if he thought that in this case, silence was the better part of prudence.

"It's about time," said Mr. Smith, "if you don't want to be shown the door." His face grew still redder, in indignation at this rebellious opinion.

"I doubt not you all think that the boy is ruled only by affection for his employer," said the detective. "Perhaps he is. Yet it may astonish you to learn that my investigation, conducted without any prejudice, has brought me to the same result. George Downey is the murdered man, and William Browning can best explain the mystery of his death."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A new story next week, by MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED!"

FACETIÆ.

"WHAT do they always put D. C. after Washington for?" asked Mrs. Quilp of Mr. Q.

"Why, my dear, don't you know Washington was the Daddy of his Country?" said Quilp, with a snicker.

WHEN a man detects a missing button after getting on a clean shirt, no one in the house is aware of the fact. He takes off the shirt, and puts on another, quietly smiling all the while. He never, never speaks of it to a soul.

WHEN a man takes his boots off at night and puts them under the lounge, and jams a footstool after them and piles chairs up in front of the lounge, morning dawns to find one of those boots in the hall and the other in the kitchen. And yet the wife solemnly vows that she never touched them.

A MOTHERLY PUSS.—Maneuvering Mamma (anxious that her daughter's chief attraction *should not escape the notice of the very eligible* young man who is taking her—the daughter—down to supper). "Maria! Maria!" "Yes, mamma." Maneuvering mamma, (in a loud whisper:) "Take your eyelashes out of tangle, darling."

AFTER giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked:

"Saunders, I fear you have been 'tasting' this morning."

"Deed, sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes—"deed, sir, I was just gaein to observe I thocht there was a smell o' speerits amang us this mornin'."

A MODERN OYSTER SUPPER.—In the midst of the festivities attendant upon a big oyster supper in the basement of one of our churches, the other night, a youth prowling about the culinary department overheard one of the ladies exclaim, in a demoralized sort of way:

"The soup is all gone!"

"Is that so?" exclaimed another, in a hushed tone. "Then fill up the kettle with water."

And a moment after a good sister thrust her head out into the dining-room, and cried out, in dulcet strains:

"New soup! plenty of nice, fresh soup! Only 25 cents a dish!"

ASKING TOO MUCH.—He was on his knees to her. His face was flushed, his eyes gleamed passionately into her's, he talked rapidly:

"Nothing shall separate us evermore, my darling. For your sake I will beard the lion in his den! I will face death on the battle field! I will skim the seas! I will endure all hardship, all suffering, all misery!"

He paused and looked eagerly to her, with his whole soul quivering in his eyes.

"Will you do all this for the sake of my love?" said she, gazing earnestly into the burning eyes.

"Yes, yes; a thousand times yes!"

"And if we wed," continued she, flushing slightly, "will you get up first and build the fire?"

With a shriek of despair he fled.

THE REASON WHY.—A gay young fop, who was more characterized for conceit and impertinence than wisdom, was in the constant habit of propounding enigmas and conundrums. On a certain occasion he proposed the following:

"Why is it that ladies are like flowers?"

"Because they are beautiful," said one.

"No."

"Because they are sweet," said another.

"No."

"Because their bloom soon passes away," said a third.

"No."

Then a young lady who had been pestered for some time with his attentions, which she did not mean to encourage, looked toward him provokingly, and said:

"Is it because they both attract butterflies?"

AN honest-faced stranger called on Justice Potter, the other day, and inquired what his Honor's usual fee was for joining a couple in the holy bonds of wedlock.

"The fee is two dollars, in case you come here," was the reply.

"Less see," mused the man, as he handed out a roll of bills; "there's three dollars for a bed stead, eight dollars for a second-hand stove, two dollars for dishes, two dollars to run the house on, and—and that's every blamed cent."

"So you are short?" inquired the justice.

"There's the pile," replied the young man; "but I'll knock the two dollars off for dishes and give it to you, for I'm bound to be harnessed to my girl this week, if we have to bile taters in the teapot!"

And in less than an hour the two were made one.

TOO MUCH FOR THE PHILOSOPHER.—The Rev. Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh, though a very clever man, has met with his match. When examining a student as to the classes he had attended, he said:

"And you attended the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said:

"An inside and an outside."

But this was nothing compared with what followed. The doctor, having said to this student:

"And you attended the philosophy class, also?"

"Yes."

"Well, you would hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The doctor then sat down, and proposed no more questions.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," entitled "BAFFLED!"

BUSY LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
Everywhere they go;
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know.

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding.

Now into the basket,
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous-looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off the scolding.

Darling little fingers,
Never, never still,
Make them, Heavenly Father,
One day do Thy will.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XLVI.

LONG SUFFERING.

Several days have elapsed since the desertion of her crew, and the Condor is still afloat, sailing in a south-westerly direction, with full canvas set, just as when the pirates put away from her. Why she has not gone to the bottom is known but to two men—they intrusted with the scuttling. And just as when left are the three unfortunate beings aboard; the black cook on his galley bench, the captain and his passenger *vis-a-vis*, bound at the cabin table, upright in their chairs. But though their attitudes are unchanged, there is an apparent change in their appearance, especially those who occupy the cabin. For the white man shows the effects of physical suffering sooner than the Ethiopian.

For long days they have been enduring agony great as ever tortured Tantalus. It has made fearful inroad on their strength, on their frames. Both are reduced almost to skeletons; cheek-bones protruding, eyes sunken in their sockets. Were the cords that confine them suddenly taken off, they would sink helpless to the floor.

Not all this time have they been silent. At intervals they have conversed upon their desperate situation. For the first day, with some lingering hope of being released; but afterwards despairingly, as the hours pass, and nothing occurs to alter it. Now and then they have heard cries on deck; know they are from the cook, whom they now feel sure is like themselves fast bound in the forward part of the vessel. At first they answered them, till finding it an idle effort; and now their feeble strength forbids even the exertion of their voices.

The Chilian has long ago surrendered to despair; while Don Gregorio, who has also lost hope of help from man, still has faith in Heaven. With unabated fervor, he entreats for mercy from above, and as he does so, the Chilian captain gives way to a paroxysm of frenzy, raving as he bewails his unhappy fate. For long he continues to rave. Don Gregorio makes no effort to hold converse with him. The night is sufficiently painful, suggestive of what may be his own fate; as sweeps through his soul the thought of his accumulated calamities. He wishes that death would relieve him, and has prayed for it more than once. He prays for it again, silently, with his eyes resting on the sea. He awaits the final hour, longing for it to come, his features set in calm, Christian resignation.

Suddenly their expression changes, a ray of renewed hope shooting athwart his face. Not a ray, but a beam, which spreads over his whole countenance, while his eyes kindle into cheerfulness, and his lips seem parted in a smile! Is he about to echo the mad laugh of Lantanas?

No! For in that look there is no sign of unseated reason. On the contrary, he gazes with intelligent earnestness, as at something outside demanding investigation. Soon his lips part further, not to smile, but speak words that involuntarily issue from them. Only two little words, but of large import and greatest cheer: "A sail!"

For such he has espied. A white speck away off on the line that separates the two blues, but distinguishable from waif of floating foam, or wing of gull. Beyond doubt, a sail—a ship! Hope is in his heart, which, bounding up, beats audibly within his breast. Higher and louder, as the white speck shows larger, assuming shape. For the tall narrow disc, rising tower-like against the sky, can only be the spread canvas of a ship. And gradually growing taller, he at length can tell she is standing towards the barque! Intently he continues to watch the distant sail.

A long time elapses—nearly half a day—during which he has many hopes and fears, alternating as the hours pass. But the former are at length in the ascendant, and all anxiety passes as the pursuing ship shows her dark hull above the water line, and he can distinguish her separate sails. They are all set. What joy in his heart as his eyes rest on them! They seem the wings of merciful angels, coming to relieve him from his misery. And that flag floating above—the flag of England! Were it the banner of his own Spain, he could not regard it with greater gladness or gratitude. For surely he will be saved now?

Alas! while thus congratulating himself, he sees that which causes his heart again to sink within him, bringing back keenest apprehensions. The strange vessel is still a far way behind, and the breeze impelling her, light all along, has suddenly died down—not a ripple showing on the sea's surface—while her sails now hang loose and limp. Beyond doubt is she becalmed!

But the Condor? Will she, too, cease sailing? Yes; she must, from the same cause. Already she moves slowly, scarce making way. And now—now she is motionless! The glass rack and lamps overhead hang steady, without the slightest oscillation. But the barque gradually swings round, and he loses sight of the ship.

Through the windows he still beholds the sea, calm and blue, but vacant; no outline of hull—no expanded sails—no floating flag to keep up his heart, which, for a while, is down, almost despondent. But only for a short time; again rising, as the barque, sheering round, brings once more stern towards the ship, and he sees the latter, and something besides—a boat! It is down in the water, and coming on toward the Condor, the oar-blades flashing in the sun, and flinging spray-drops that seem like silver stars! The barque eddying on, he has the boat in view but a short while. What matters it now? He is no more apprehensive, but certain of being saved. And he looks no longer—only listens. Soon to hear words spoken in a strong manly voice, to him sweeter than music. It is the hail:

"Barque ahoy!"

In feeble accents he makes answer, continuing to call out till other voices, echoing along the Condor's decks, become commingled with his own. Then there are footsteps on the quarter-deck, and they are soon after heard descending the cabin-stair. The handle is turned; the door pushed open; and a swish of fresh air sweeps in, human beings along with it; as they enter, giving utterance to exclamations of astonishment.

Wrenching his neck around, he sees there are two of them, both in the uniform of naval officers, and both known to him! Their presence gives him many emotions—too many for his strength, so long and sorely tried. Overpowered by it he becomes unconscious, as though the sight, instead of gladdening, had suddenly deprived him of life.

No need to say that the officers who have entered the Condor's cabin are Crozier and Cadwallader. For she is the polacca barque we have seen chased by a frigate—that frigate the Crusader.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A CARD UNEXPECTEDLY RECOVERED.

It is the fourth day since the English officers — lieutenant, midshipman, and coxswain—boarded the Chilian barque. They are still on board of her, and she yet afloat—the one a sequence of the other. Otherwise, she would now be at the bottom of the sea. For the squall that struck, would have thrown her on her beam-ends, but that her sheets and halyards were cast loose at an opportune moment, so saving her from certain destruction. Her sails have suffered, nevertheless; scarce one that was not torn to shreds, excepting a storm-stay and try-sail, which they were enabled to set during the gale. And now that it is over, they have managed to bend on a new foresail and jib, found among the barque's spare canvas.

With these she is making way at the rate of some six knots an hour, her head set east-by-south. A grim terrible fight that squall gave them; only the three men to manage so large a craft in a tempest which, though short-lived, was fierce as ever swept over the Pacific. They had no aid from any of the other three, nor from two of them have they any yet. Captain Lantanas is still delirious, locked up in his state-room, lest in his madness he may do some violent act; while Don Gregorio, weak as a child, reclines on the cabin settee, unable to ascend to the deck. The negro alone, having partially recovered his strength, lends some assistance at the sails.

It is twelve o'clock meridian, and Grummet, the coxswain, is at the wheel; the officers on the quarter; Crozier, sextant in hand, "shooting the sun." They have long ago given up hope of finding the frigate, or being found by her.

The signal-gun, heard by them repeatedly throughout that wild night, they could not answer; neither in the fog know its direction. At the time, it sounded like their death-knell; and now any chance of their coming across the Crusader is as one in a thousand. Aware of this, they are steering the crippled vessel towards Panama in hope of their finding the frigate. In any case, that is the port where they will be most likely to get tidings of her.

A prey to saddened thoughts are the two young officers, as they stand on the quarter-deck of the Chilian vessel taking the altitude of the sun with instruments her own skipper is no longer able to use. Fortunately, these things had not been carried off, else there would be but little likelihood of their making Panama. At best, they will reach it with broken hearts, for they have heard the whole story in all its dark details, so far as Don Gregorio could give them.

Having already determined their longitude by the barque's chronometer, they have kept it by log-reckoning, and their present observation is but to confirm them in the latitude.

"Starboard your helm!" shouts Crozier to Grummet. "Give her another point to port. Keep her east by-south. Steady!"

Then turning to Cadwallader, he says: "If all goes well, we shall make Panama in less than four days. We might do it in two, if we could but set sail enough. Anyhow, I think old Bracebridge will wait for us at least a week. Ah, I wish that were all we had to trouble us. To think they're gone—lost to us forever!"

"Don't say that, Ned. There's still a hope we may find them."

"And found—what then? You need not answer, Will; I don't wish to speak of it. I daren't trust myself to think of it. Carmen Montijo, my betrothed, captive in a crew of pirates!"

Cadwallader is silent. He suffers the same agony, thinking of Inez.

For a time, the picture remains before their minds, dark as their gloomiest fears and fancies can paint it. Then across it shoots a ray of hope, sinister, but sweet; for it is a thought of vengeance. Cadwallader first gives expression to it.

"Whatever has happened to the girls, we must go after them, anyhow. And the robbers, we *must find them*."

"Find and punish them," cries Crozier. "That we surely shall. If it cost all my money—all the work of my life—I'll revenge the wrongs of Carmen Montijo."

"And I those of Inez Alvarez."

For a while, they stand silently brooding upon that which has brought such a black shadow over their hearts. Then Cadwallader says:

"To think of Harry Blew turning traitor and taking part with them! That is, to me, the strangest thing of all, and painful as strange."

"But do you believe he has done so?"

"How can I help believing it? What Don Gregorio heard leaves no alternative. He went off in the boat along with the rest; besides saying words which prove he went willingly. Only to think of such black ingratitude. Cadwallader, I'd as soon have thought of suspecting yourself."

"His conduct certainly seems incredible. I believed Blew to be a thoroughly honest fellow. No doubt the gold corrupted him, as it has many a better man. But let's think no more about it, only hope we may some day lay hands on him."

"Ah, if I ever do that! With my arms around him, I once saved his worthless life. Let me but get him into my embrace again, and he'll have a hug that'll squeeze the last breath out of his body."

"The chance may come yet, and with the whole scoundrelly crew. What brutes they must have been. According to Don Gregorio's account, they were of all nations, and the worst sort of each. The negro says the same. Among them four that spoke Spanish and appeared to be Spaniards or Spanish-Americans. Suppose we pay a visit to the forecastle and see if we can find any record of their names. It might be of use hereafter."

"By all means!" assents the lieutenant; and the two start for the fore-deck in silence, with anxiety upon their faces. For there is a thought in their hearts, which neither has yet made known to the other—blacker and more bitter than the knowledge of Harry Blew's treason. Unspoken, they carry it into the forecastle. But they are not many minutes there, before seeing what brings it out, without either having spoken a word. A bunk—the most conspicuous of the two tiers—is explored first. Among its scattered contents are papers of various sorts, some letters, several numbers of an old newspaper, and a pack of Spanish cards. Beside these is one of a different kind—a little bit of white card, with a name printed upon it. A visiting-card—but whose? As Crozier picks it up and reads the name, his blood curdles, the hair crisping on his head. "MR. EDWARD CROZIER, H. B. M. FRIGATE CRUSADER."

He does not need to be told how his card came there. Intuitively he understands, remembering when, where, and to whom he gave it—to De Lara on the day of their encounter in front of Don Gregorio's house. Thrusting it into his pocket, he clutches at the letters, and looks at their superscription—"Don Francisco de Lara." Opening them, he rapidly reads one after the other. His hands holding them, shake as with a palsy, while in his eyes there is an expression of a painful nature, for he fears that, subscribed to some, he will find a name dear to him—that of Carmen Montijo. If so, farewell to all faith in human-kind. Harry Blew's ingratitude has destroyed his faith in man. A letter from the daughter of Don Gregorio Montijo to the gambler, Frank Lara, will alike wither his confidence in woman.

With eager eyes and lips compressed, he continues the perusal of the letters. They are from many correspondents, and relate to various matters, mostly about money and monte, signed Faustino Calderon.

As the last passes through his fingers, he breathes freely, though with a shrug of self-reproach for having doubted the woman who was to have been his wife. Turning to Cadwallader—as himself, aware of all—he says, in solemn emphasis:

"Now we know!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE LAST LEAF IN THE LOG.

No common pirates then—no mere crew of mutinous sailors—have carried off Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez. It has been done by De Lara and Calderon.

Several hours have elapsed since the discovery, and the young officers—again upon the quarter-deck—stand gazing in one another's faces, on both an expression of anguish, which the new knowledge has intensified. It was painful to think of their sweethearts being the sport of rough robbers, but to picture them in the power of Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon—knowing what they do of these men—is agony itself.

"Yes, it's all clear," says Crozier. "No idea of getting gold has brought the thing about. That may have influenced the others who assisted them, but with them the motive was different, as fiendish. I see it now."

"What do you propose doing after we reach Panama? If we find the frigate there, we'll be obliged to join her."

"Obliged! There's no obligation to bind a man reckless as I—as this misery makes me. Unless Captain Bracebridge consent to assist us in the search, I will go alone."

"Not alone. There's one will be with you."

"I know it, Will. Of course, I count upon you. What I mean is, if Bracebridge won't help us with the frigate, I'll throw up my commission, charter a vessel myself, engage a crew, and search every inch of the American coast till I find where they've put in."

"What a pity we can't tell the place! They must have been near land, to take to an open boat."

"In sight of it—close to it. I've been questioning Don Gregorio. He knows that much, and but little besides. A short while before, he was looking over the side, and saw a strangely shaped hill—a mountain. He describes it as having two tops. The moon was between them, the reason for his taking notice of it. That double-headed hill may yet stand us in stead."

"How unfortunate, the skipper losing his senses! By the way, we've never thought of looking at the log-book. That ought to throw some light on the locality."

"It ought, and doubtless would, if we only had it. You're mistaken in saying we never thought of it. I have, and been searching for it all along. But it's gone, and what's become of it I know not. They may have thrown it overboard before leaving."

"See!" cries Cadwallader, interrupting the despairing speech. "Those brutes! what's that they're knocking about? By Jove! I believe it's the very thing we're speaking of!"

The "brutes" are the Myas monkeys, that, away in the ship's waist, are tossing something between them—apparently a large book bound in rough red leather. They have mutilated the binding, and, with teeth and claws, are tearing out the leaves, as they strive to take it from one another.

"It is—it must be the log-book!" responds Crozier, as both officers rush off to rescue it from the clutch of the orangs.

They succeed, but not without difficulty, and a free handling of handspikes, almost braining the apes before these consent to relinquish it.

It is at length recovered, though in a ruinous condition, fortunately, however, with the written leaves untorn. Upon the last of these is an entry, evidently the latest made:

"Lat. 7° 20′ N.; Long. 83° 12′ W. Light breeze."

"Good!" exclaims Crozier, rushing back to the quarterdeck and bending over the chart. "With this, and the double-headed hill, we may get upon the track of the despoilers. Just when we were despairing! Will, old boy, there's something in this. I have a presentiment that things are taking a turn, and the Fates will yet be for us."

"God grant they may!"

"Ah!" sighs Crozier, "if we had but ten men aboard this barque—or even six—I'd never think of going on to Panama, but steer straight for the island of Coiba. As the chart shows, that is the land they must have seen—or else Hicaron, which lies on its sou'-west side. With a light breeze, they couldn't have made much way, after the date of that entry. Oh, for ten good hands! A thousand pounds a piece for ten trusty lads! I only wish, in that squall, the cutter's crew had been left along with us."

"Steamer to norrard!" cries a rough voice. It is Grummet's.

The young officers, turning with a start, see the same. Crozier, laying hold of a telescope, raises it to his eye, while he holds it there saying:

"You're right, coxswain; it's a steamer, and standing this way. She'll run across our bows. Up helm, and set the barque's head on for her; I want to hail that vessel."

Grummet obeys, and with a few turns of the wheel brings the Condor's head round till she is right to meet the steamer. The officers, with the negro assisting, loose tacks and sheets, trimming her sails for the changed course.

Soon the two vessels, steered from almost opposite directions, lessen the distance between. The commander of the steam-packet orders her engines to slow, and then to cease action, till the huge leviathan, late running at the rate of twelve knots an hour, gradually lessens speed, and at length lies motionless upon the water.

Simultaneously the barque is hove-to, her sails cease propelling her, and she lies at less than a cable's length from the steamer. From the latter the hail is heard first:

"Barque ahoy! What barque is that?"

"The Condor—Valparaiso. In distress."

"Send a boat aboard!"

"Not strength to man it."

"Wait, then. We'll board you."

In less than five minutes' time one of the quarter-boats of the liner is lowered down, and a crew leaps into it. Pushing off from her side, it soon touches that of the vessel in distress. But not for its crew to board her. Crozier has already traced out his course of action. Slipping down into the steamer's boat, he makes request to be rowed to the ship, which is done without questioning. The uniform he wears entitles him to respect.

Stepping aboard the steamship, he sees that she is what he has taken her for—a line-packet from San Francisco, bound for Panama. She is crowded with passengers, at least a thousand showing upon her decks. They are of all qualities and kinds, all colors and nationalities—most of them Californian gold-diggers returning to their homes, some successful and cheerful, others downcast and disappointed.

He is not long in telling his tale, first to the commander of the steamer and his officers, then to the passengers. For to these he makes appeal—a call for volunteers—not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to proceed with him in pursuit of the crew that cast her away.

He makes known his position, with his power to compensate them for the service sought, both endorsed by the commander of the steamship, who, in his anxiety to assist, is ready to answer for his credentials. They are not needed, nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among those stalwart men are many who are heroes—true Paladins, despite their somewhat threadbare habiliments. And amidst their soiled rags shine pistols and knives, ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, without listening further, twenty of them spring forward in response to his appeal. Not for the reward he offers, but in the cause of humanity and justice. He could enlist twice or thrice the number, but deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor.

Then the two vessels part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama, while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20′ N. intersects that of long. 82° 12′ W.

CHAPTER XLIX.

STARVATION POINT.

While these scenes are passing at sea, others of equally exciting character occur upon that desert shore, where, by a sinister chance for themselves, if not for their captors, the pirate crew of the Condor made landing. They are still upon the isle, all their efforts to get off having proved idle. But how different are they from that hour when they brought their boat upon its beach laden with the spoils of the plundered vessel! Changed not only in their feelings but looks—scarce recognizable as the same men. Then in the full plenitude of swaggering strength, mental as bodily, with tongues given to loud talk; now subdued and silent, stalking about like spectres, with weak, tottering steps; some sitting listlessly upon stone, or lying astretch along the earth; not resting, but from sheer inability to stand erect.

Famine has made its mark upon their faces; hunger can be read in their hollow eyes, and pale sunken cheeks; while thirst shows upon their parched and shrivelled lips.

Not strange all this. For nine days they have tasted no food save shell-fish and the rank flesh of sea-fowl—both in short supply. And no drink, excepting some rain-water caught in the boat-sail during an occasional slight shower.

All are humbled now. Even the haughty Gomez no longer affects to be their leader, and the savage Padilla is tamed to silent inaction, if not tenderness. By a sort of tacit consent, Harry Blew has become the controlling spirit—perhaps from having evinced more humanity than the rest. Now that adversity is on them, their better natures are brought out, and the less hardened of them have resumed the gentleness of childhood's days.

The change has been of singular consequence to their captives. These are no longer restrained, but free to go and come as it pleases them. No more need they fear insult or injury; no rudeness is offered them either by speech or gesture. On the contrary, they are treated with studied respect, almost with deference. The choicest articles of food—bad at best—are apportioned to them, as also the largest share of the water;

fortunately sufficient of both to keep up their strength; and they in turn have been ministering angels—tender nurses to the men who have made all their misery!

Thus have they lived up till the night of the ninth day since their landing on the isle; then a heavy rainfall, filling the concavity of the boat's sail, enables them to replenish the beaker, with other vessels they had brought ashore.

On the morning of the tenth they are relinquishing themselves to bitter despair, and have called to the Dutchman—who has been posted on the heights above, on the lookout for a passing sail—to come down. A last solemn council of ways and means is to be held, and all hands must assist. But he neither obeys nor gives back response. He does not even look in their direction! They can see him, standing erect, with face turned towards the sea, and one hand over his eyes, shading them from the sun. He appears to be regarding some object in the offing.

Presently he lowers the spread palm, and raises a telescope with which he is provided.

They stand watching him, speechless, and with bated breath, their solemn purpose for the time forgotten. In the gleaming of that glass they have a fancy there may be life, as there is light.

The silence continues till it is seen going down. Then they hear words which send the blood in quick current through their veins, bringing hope back into their hearts:

"*Sail in sight!*"

"Sail in sight!" Three little words, but full of big meaning, oft carrying the question of life or death.

To the ears of the starving crew sweet as music, despite the harsh Teutonic pronunciation of him who gave them utterance.

At the shout from above, all have faced toward the sea, and stand scanning its surface. But with gaze unrewarded. The white flecks seen afar are only the wings of gulls.

"Where away?" shouts one, interrogating him on the hill.

"Sou'-westert."

Southwestward they cannot see. In this direction their view is bounded; a projection of the cliff interposing between them and the outside shore. All, who are able, start off towards its summit. The stronger ones rush up the gorge, as if their lives depended on speed. The weaker go toiling after. One or two, weaker still, stay below, to wait the report that will soon reach them.

The first up, on clearing the scarp, have their eyes upon the Dutchman. His behavior might cause them surprise, if they could not account for it. The signal-staff is upon the higher of the two peaks, some two hundred yards beyond. He is beside it, and apparently beside himself. Dancing over the ground, he makes grotesque gesticulations, tossing his arms about, and waving his hat overhead—all the while shouting as if to some ship close at hand, repeating the hail: "Ahoy, ahoy!"

Looking, they can see no ship, nor craft of any kind. For a moment they think him mad, and fear after all it may be a mistake. Certainly, there is no vessel near enough to be hailed.

But sending their eyes further out, their fear gives place to joy almost delirious. There is a sail, and although long leagues off, little more than a speck, their practiced eyes tell them she is steering that way—running coastwise. Keeping her course, she must come past the isle—within sight of their signal, so long spread to no purpose. Without staying to reflect further, they strain on towards the summit, where the staff is erected.

Harry Blew is the first to reach it; and clutching the telescope, jerks it from the hands of the half-crazed Dutchman. Raising it to his eye, he bends it on the distant sail, there keeping it more than a minute. The others have meanwhile come up, and, clustering around, impatiently question him.

"What is she? How's she standing?"

"A bit o' a barque," responds Blew. "And from what I can make out, close huggin' the shore. I'll be better able to tell, when she draws out from that clump o' cloud."

Gomez, standing by, appears eager to get hold of the glass; but Blew seems reluctant to give it up. Still holding it at his eye, he says:

"See to the signal mates! Spread the tarpaulin' to its full stretch. Face it square, so's to give 'em every chance o' sightin' it."

Striker and Davis spring to the piece of tarred canvas; and grasping it, one at each corner, draw out the creases, and hold as directed.

All the while Blew stands with the telescope levelled, loath to relinquish it. But Gomez, growing importunate, insists on having his turn, and it is at length surrendered to him.

Harry Blew, stepping aside, seems to feel some emotion he tries to conceal. Strong it must be, judging from its effects on the ex-man-o'-war's-man. On his face there is an expression difficult to describe—surprise amounting to amazement—joy, subdued by anxiety. Soon as giving up the glass, he pulls off his pilot-coat, then divesting himself of his shirt—a scarlet flannel—he suspends it from the outer end of the cross-piece which supports the tarpaulin; as he does so, saying to Striker and Davis: "That's a signal no ship ought to disregard, and won't, if manned by Christian men. *She* won't, if she sees it. You two stay here, and keep the things well spread. I'm going below to say a word to them poor creatures. Stand by the staff, and don't let any o' them haul down the signal."

"Ay, ay!" answers Striker, without comprehending, and somewhat wondering at Blew's words—under the circumstances, strange. "All right, mate. Ye may depend on me an' Bill."

"I know it—I do," rejoins the ex-man-o'-war's-man, again drawing the dreadnaught over his shirtless skin. "Both o' you be true to me, and 'fore long I may be able to show I ain't ungrateful."

Saying this, he separates from the Sydney Ducks, and hurries down towards the gorge.

Both, as they stand by the signal staff, now more than ever wonder at what he has said, and interrogate one another as to his meaning.

In the midst of their mutual questioning, they are attracted by a cry strangely intoned. It is from Gomez, who has brought down the telescope, and holds it in his hands, that shake as with palsy.

He almost lets drop the telescope, as, turning to the others, he says in a scared but firm voice: "The Condor!"

"Condor! Impossible!" cry the others, speaking together.

"It is, for all that," rejoins Gomez. "How so, I don't understand any more than yourselves. But that yonder craft be the Chili barque, or her spectre, I'll take my solemn affydavy."

Gomez's speech calls up strange thoughts, that take possession of the minds of those listening to it. How could it be the Condor, long since scuttled, sent to the bottom of the sea? Impossible! The sail seen must be a spectre!

In their weak state, with nerves unnaturally excited, they almost believe this—one and all impressed with wild, weird fancies, that strike terror to their guilty souls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "HAFFLED."

PATTY PAYNE PAPERS.

By MARGERY LAIRD.

NUMBER IV.

"Ah, me, mine is a hard lot!" sighed Patty Payne, dismally, flattening her small nose against the window pane, and looking out before a world very much under water, and a leaden, weeping sky.

"Any harder than mine?" asked Agatha Horne, glancing up brightly from her German exercise. "Fred was coming for me in the sleigh this evening, and mamma promised to make me a fruit cake if I would come home. Now look at those rivers of mud, my dear!"

"That statement only aggravates my misery, as I am sure mine would have been the lion's share of the fruit cake, Ag," and Patty looked as if she was going to cry.

"What is the matter, dear?" said sympathetic Aggie, evidently bewildered by the excessive woe-begoneness of her friend's aspect. "What *can* be the matter?"

"An evil heart," stated Patty, solemnly. "My dear Agatha, you don't know how dreadful it is!"

"What?" asked poor Agatha, still more mystified.

"To have the temptation and the disposition, too," said Patty, making long streaks with her finger upon the damp glass.

I knew what the forlorn droop of the corners of that rosy mouth portended. My trained ears detected the true meaning of the doleful inflection in Patty's sweet, even voice. My lady was preparing to consider herself a martyr to her evil genius, and diligently planning mischief in her naughty little brain.

"I don't understand you, Patty," said Agatha. "I am quite certain you are the best little darling in the world, and, except of course as we are all miserable sinners, you don't even know what an evil heart is."

"Oh, don't I?" put in Miss Payne, savagely. "Much you know about me, Agatha Horne; I only hope you will never find me out!" and her face dimpled all over with inconsistent smiles.

"You are a very queer girl," said Agatha, putting away her books and getting up to leave the room. "And Marg looks as if she had a good scolding cut and dried for you, poor dear. I have to go and see how Miss Hoyt is, so I will leave you to her tender mercies!" and she shut the door on Patty and her fate.

"Isn't it hard now?" said Patty, returning immediately to her attitude of woe against the window pane. "It was temptation enough to have Madame and M. Adolphe summoned off in that sudden way; but for Miss Hoyt to put herself in bed with acute pneumonia, is too much! How *can* I be expected to keep out of mischief with the field so clear?"

"Don't distress yourself about your friends' expectations, Patty," said I, drily.

"No," said Patty, in a meditative way, "I don't believe I could surprise them, Marg. And that is only an added temptation to do it; don't you see?"

It was after school hours, and we were in the schoolroom, only Patty and I, now that Agatha had gone. I was sewing by the stove, Patty with her back to me, amusing herself at the window, and both of us meditating in our different ways upon the events of the past week. The well oiled machinery of Madame's Fashionable Finishing School for Young Ladies had run down with a jar. Nobody except the Primaries said any lessons, although we all wrote our German and French exercises with praiseworthy care.

The girls laughed and chattered—in English, too—through the corridors, and even sang snatches of gay ballads under their breath, upon the stairs; an extra bucketful of coal went daily into the schoolroom stove, and we had had buckwheat cakes for supper three times that week! I think that last piece of extravagance could be traced to Patty Payne's quiet journeys down the kitchen stairs.

Madame Maitres and her brother had been telegraphed for, and had at once departed to the bedside of a dying and wealthy cousin, leaving Miss Hoyt in charge, and Miss Hoyt had been attacked with an illness too sudden to admit of her appointing a substitute. So, though the teacher of the Primary Department came regularly and kept the school open, discipline, both in schoolroom and dormitories, was almost entirely suspended.

Madame had been away five days, and had written to say that her stay would be prolonged, remaining in blissful ignorance that her deputy dragon was confined to her bed in the third story, and that the girls had things pretty much their own way.

We had been further favored by several days of rain which had effectually prevented any interference from the outside world.

"What are you going to do now, Patty?" I asked, after a silence of several minutes; her last speech being one that I had no desire to dispute, in view of its perversity—and truth!

"No harm at all," said Patty, briskly—she never was going to do any harm, poor child—"only I am afraid it will get me into trouble, and I am not quite sure that I can manage to keep from being found out."

"Don't do it, Patty," I said, earnestly. But she went on.

"After all I could only be expelled, you know, and *I* wouldn't break my heart about even that. I don't believe any one would care either—except Hugh!" pressing her face more closely against the pane.

"But Hugh would, and I would, and Dr. Payne, Patty. Oh, Patty, what are you going to do?"

"Nothing dreadful, Marg. I was only trying to scare you, you dear old sobersides!" cried Patty, merrily. "It is such fun to see you look frightened! You ought to know that I wouldn't do anything wrong."

"Conscious merit is an admirable quality!" I said, tartly.

"Isn't it?" remarked serene Miss Payne. "Margery, I think I shall give a ball!"

"A *what?*" I gasped.

"A ball, dear," as if balls were one of the commonest facts of existence. "We won't spend a cent of Madame's money, and we'll behave with all the propriety imaginable. So where would be the harm?"

"It would be no harm, *per se*," Patty—like larceny, or murder—or—or——"

"Flirting," suggested the little dear.

"Open mutiny, I was going to say, my child. For you might argue that Madame had given no counter-command and would possibly not object."

"Thank you for making such good excuses, Marg."

"But you ought to consult Miss Hoyt."

"That would be a good deal like an elopement with the parents' full consent," said Patty. "Why, half the fun would be outwitting Miss Hoyt."

"It is very, very wrong, as well as unwise, Patty," I protested.

"I intend to do it," said Patty, decidedly, though in her softest, most plaintive tones. And I knew her so well, that my next remark was only a question.

"But how?"

"Why, Laura and Agatha will do anything I want them to, under protest, of course, and we all have plenty of pocket money, and can get up a nice supper. Old Edie and Ellen"—the only domestics permitted by Madame's limited style of housekeeping—"would stand on their heads if I told them to do it, and the younger girls will all be in bed and out of harm's way long before nine o'clock, and need not know anything, little dears! Miss Hoyt is safe in the third story, and, you know, the schoolrooms are in a far wing, so that the music cannot be heard. We will invite all the students, and a few young ladies and matrons—to lend propriety, my dear Marg; they will never know everything is not all right."

"Never is a long day, Patty Payne."

"After me the deluge," quoted my poor little madcap. "Listen to my woeful ditty, Margie, dear. I will take only one outsider into our confidence. Mrs. Semple is an amplified Laura, and dearly loves a frolic. She will help, advise, lend us her greenhouse plants and candelabra and things, and being wealthy and influential, keep Madame from flaying me alive if she ever finds out. There isn't a girl in the school who would tell on me, though."

"Patty, you ought to be a Generalissimo!"

"I have planned everything nicely, haven't I? And it will be entirely delightful, just wait and see if it is not! I know you will protest all the time, and then curl your hair and put on your blue silk and look like an angel when the time comes! Agatha will give us the cake her mother made."

"Patty! I do believe that fruit cake started the whole thing!"

"Indeed, I believe it did," confessed Patty, demurely. "My ideas are always inspirations," with a sigh.

* * * * * *

Patty managed her affairs so well that by Thursday night everything was ready for the "ball," and fortune, which smiles on the brave and the naughty, favored her with a sunshiny day.

A lovely supper, with Agatha's fruit cake as special ornament, was spread in the *salle a manger*, the schoolrooms were a fairy bower of plants and flowers and crystal candelabra, and the dormitories were full of chattering, fluttering, half-joyful and half-frightened girls. Mrs. Semple had been at the *pensionnat* all day, directing old Edie, scolding Patty, encouraging the faint hearted, and abetting the bold—keeping all the while discreetly out of sight. For the mother of a grown daughter she was certainly very giddy, and very indiscreet to lend her aid to such a wild-goose plot as Patty Payne's, but though I kept out of her way and groaned in private over Patty's naughtiness and my own lack of influence, I could do nothing, and so held my peace. Agatha Horne and I wore the only grave faces in the whole school that day.

At our usual supper hour, half past six, about forty schoolgirls, of all ages, sat around the long, dimly lighted tables in the dining-room, and partook of their usual frugal meal—bread and butter and molasses, with a glass of very thin milk. At nine, eighteen innocents slumbered peacefully in little white cots in the third story, and twenty-two damsels, in all stages of dress and undress, filled the downstairs dormitories with subdued frolic and fun. Patty went from one group to another, looping tunics, putting in hair pins, lacing refractory waists, never seeming to remember that she herself had a toilette to make. Her little face looked rather pale and weary under its carelessly twisted braids, and her long blue dressing gown was always in the front of the fray. "Patty, do my hair first!" "Dear, isn't this a darling sash?" "Oh, Patty, if you would just fasten this chain!" Such were the suggestive sounds from all corners of the room.

"Patty, don't you intend to dress?" I remarked from my quiet nook, where I was trying not to be glad of the chance of "looking like an angel" in my blue silk.

"Oh, yes, after while," said Patty, indifferently, fastening an exquisite spray of moss rosebuds in Agatha Horne's dark hair. "There, Aggie, if you only looked a shade less doleful you would be divine."

"Am I doleful?" said Agatha, with a sigh. "I don't want to be the skeleton at your feast, dear."

"Marg will play that part," answered Patty, in a low tone; "poor, dear, Patty-ridden Marg. Here is your fan, Aggie, and your gloves. I wouldn't mind playing skeleton myself if I could wear such lovely gloves! Now shake out your silken skirts, fair lady, while I loop Laura's refractory curls."

Patty did not offer to help me; indeed I was all ready, slippers and fan and gloves and handkerchief all adjusted, long before nine o'clock. But she came up to me at the last minute, and slipped her little cold hand into mine.

"You will stand by me, Marg?" she whispered, giving my fingers a tiny squeeze. "And if things turn out wrong, don't, don't scold me, dear!"

Agatha Horne and I lingered upstairs until the sound of music forced us down. We were both anxious, and Agatha, especially, fretted and said that as the oldest pupil some of the blame would certainly fall on her.

"I know Miss Hoyt holds me in a measure responsible for the good behavior of the girls in her absence," she said, as we passed slowly through the lower walk. "She thinks I am so wise and so steady; oh, dear!"

The schoolroom was like some lovely transformation scene; only the magic wand of Mrs. Semple's wealth and Patty's taste could have changed that bare, gloomy region of maps and desks and benches into a beautiful ball room, lace draped and flower decked, seeming to my eyes as I entered a wonderful confusion of blossoming plants and blossoming faces, floating skirts of tulle and silk and muslin, crimson curtains and cushions and chairs, evergreen arches and blazing chandeliers—with Dick Payne in the foreground, bowing low to Agatha, and asking her hand for the first cotillion, in his lazy, pleasant voice.

There was another door at the further end of the schoolroom, and while Dick and Agatha and I stood talking together, there was a little buzz of conversation and excitement about it. I could see that the door had opened, and closed on some one entering, and that a sudden chill had fallen on the gayety of the young people, though Mrs. Semple most, and the rest of the chaperons and chaperones of the entertainment were gathered into a little knot near that particular doorway, and Laura's mother seemed to be taking the lead in the talking and laughter that reached our ears.

"Let's see what it is," said Dick Payne, giving Aggie his arm, and leaving me, by right of juvenile acquaintanceship, to follow in the shadow of his wing. "I wonder if anything is up now. Mother Semple seems to be in the thick of the row, and she was in a perfect stew about five minutes ago because Patty was not to be found."

"Patty helped everybody else to dress, and was late herself," explained Agatha, gently.

"Well, it was a shame for her to do it when everything depends on her," remarked Mr. Payne; "but isn't she a daring little witch, Miss Horne? Come a little this way; there—*jehosaphat!*" And Dick came to a dead stop, looking positively limp.

For the central figure of that animated group was Madame Maitres, looking fearfully familiar in her black train and scarlet head-gear, arching her jetty brows under her unnatural frizzes, and listening amiably to Mrs. Semple's voluble remarks.

Madame's short figure looked stouter and more good humored than ever; her skin was a shade rosier, and her artistically coral lips were curved into a honeyed smile. But, there was a sort of dignity about her general aspect, a kind of firmness about the way she bent her brows and held her fan in her black kid fingers, that, to my frightened mind, boded ill for poor little Patty Payne.

"Oh!" gasped Agatha, clutching my arm tight. We could hear *her* voice, slow and distinct and a little raised.

"De-ar Madame Semple, so *very* charmed to see you! How do you find my leetle soiree? How ees Miss Hoyt? Bettare—*so* glad to see her bettare. But dear leetle Mees Payne—she ees seeck!"

The hateful old thing! Poor darling Patty! "I would like to eat her alive!" whispered Dick Payne.

"You would find her rather tough!" replied a voice at his elbow, the mischievous voice of Laura Semple, who looked as serene and lovely in her green draperies as if Patty were not in such terrible disgrace. "Mamma will make it all right," asserted the young beauty, as if mammas were machines for getting girls out of scrapes.

Dick Payne colored up to his eyebrows as soon as Laura spoke. I knew, through Patty, that he called Laura his golden-haired angel, and Agatha Horne his dark-eyed goddess, and was in that unfortunate strait in which a man feels that he "Could be happy with either, were 'tother dear charmer away!"

And I appreciated, in spite of my terror, his state of mind as he stood beside them; I pitied the struggle between orthodoxy and heathenism, between angel and idol, as he glanced from Laura to Agatha, then back to Laura, and smiled a sickly smile. Poor weak-minded Dick!

"You are fortunate in having a protector," said Agatha, coldly—Agatha's only weakness was jealousy of pretty Laura Semple—"the rest of us, I fear, will hardly fare so well."

"Patty will be the greatest sufferer," muttered Dick, under his moustache; "bread and water would be a slight punishment for her offence, poor little dear!"

But heartless Laura only shrugged her white shoulders, and passed on.

Agatha, I saw, was perfectly miserable. Dick, too, looked anxious and perturbed. We three unfortunates stood together in silence, while the music and dancing went on, after the temporary lull, more gayly than ever, and the group of elders broke up into twos and threes.

Rogers came for me after a little, poor, patient Rogers, who had to listen to all my woes, and he soon lost sight of Aggie and Dick. As there seemed no danger of an immediate fiasco, thanks to Madame's tact and dread of an expose, I found I could forget the awful hereafter in my present pleasure, only confiding to Roger an intense desire to slip away and find my poor dear little Patty Payne. I could fancy her fate and her feelings, poor child!

But my heart began to beat again, and I know I turned white and trembling when, as we stood in placid enjoyment of a retired corner, Madame Maitres rustled up.

"You nevare asked for M. Adolphe, Mees Marg," she said in a rather loud tone; "he ees deeply sorry that he ees kept away to-night. Do you enjoy the soiree, Mademoiselle?" And what could I do but hold tight to Roger, and falter "Yes."

Then her voice and her expression, and even her very face changed.

"So even you don't know me, Marg," whispered a soft, familiar little voice right in my ear.

Oh, dear! It was Patty, poor, naughty Patty! Yet looking at her even then I could hardly believe the figure and face before me could belong to anybody but Madame Celestine Maitres.

"Didn't I tell you she was fearfully and wonderfully made?" whispered the madcap. "All the girls knew beforehand except you and Agatha. I was afraid you two would find some way to circumvent me. Mrs. Semple is just enjoying the fun like a schoolgirl—and wasn't it a temptation, Marg?"

"I would like to box your ears!" I said.

"Hush! Respect my disguise! Marg, good gracious! Of all the dreadful *contretemps!* Mees Marg, I am glad it ees so lovely a night for our leetle soiree. I must spe-ak to Mees Horne von leetle minute. Adieu!" And Madame departed in a great hurry to make way for the tall, handsome figure of my brother Hugh.

"Why do you look so scared?" he said, pleasantly. "Roger, are you taking good care of my little girl? Do you often have such fairylike entertainments at your model school, Marg? And where is little Patty, I don't see her anywhere?"

"I cannot answer so many questions at once, Hugh," I said, with a nervous laugh. "How did you come here?"

"I rode over to Datterer to see you and Patty, intending to call in the morning; but David Payne told me there was a ball going on, and so I came right over from the hotel. But where is Patty?"

"Don't Laura Semple look lovely?" I exclaimed hastily. "There, that girl in green tarletan, with the wonderful hair! Would you like to be introduced? You know her escort—Dick Payne. Laura, my brother. Oh, don't mind me. I know Laura will dance with you—won't you, dear? He is such a stranger."

And then, for fear Hugh would think I had suddenly lost my wits, I said aside: "Dance with Laura and enjoy yourself, Hugh. I will explain everything after while, and Patty is all right." Though my conscience accused me of an awful fib.

Why should I linger with Roger in the window, and not tell as quickly as possible how it ended! The lights blazed and the music sounded and the flowers bloomed. Mrs. Semple nodded to me as she passed.

"I am going to find *Madame*," she said, "and tell her it is time for supper. I must find Laura, too, and take her away from that cousin of Patty's. She is with him again." And a few moments after I saw Laura and her mother in earnest conversation on a sofa, Laura looking sulky and her mother evidently laying down the law.

Suddenly their expressions changed and became fixed. If fright, astonishment and dismay could make two faces identical, Laura and her mother looked at that moment exactly alike. Patty stood not far off, talking, as it happened, to Hugh. Enjoying herself I knew, the little witch! Fluttering her fan and her red ribbons, gesticulating with her hands in their black kid gloves, arching her eyebrows and showing her white teeth. And just inside of the doorway was another figure, her double, though in a dusty alpaca and stylish, travel-worn bonnet, with frizzes awry and cheeks unrouged—Madame Maitres. Speechless, turned to stone, grasping her umbrella with one hand and M. Adolphe with the other—but still Madame Maitres in the flesh. And very angry flesh too, if one might judge by her face.

Is this not a good time to drop the curtain on that gay gathering? Mrs. Semple and Laura, with a background of blossoms, transfixed with horror; a sudden pause in the dancing, while the music went merrily on; twenty-two ashen girl-faces in all parts of the room, and a whole assemblage looking bewildered, thunderstruck and scared; Hugh, white as his cravat, comprehending it all by instinct, and drawing Patty's hand through his arm as if to shield her from assault. Madame Maitres, beautifully gotten up for the world's eye, shaking in her satin shoes, thoroughly crushed under her lace and dangling ribbons, confronted by Madame, *au naturel*, and excessively enraged!

By one o'clock, the hour fixed for our banquet, the long windows of the *pensionnat* were as dark and silent as the whilom ball-room. Laura and Dick had gone home with Mrs. Semple, very much wilted, in the carriage; the silenced musicians had departed unpaid, both domestics had been discharged on the spot, M. Adolphe and Hugh had persuaded Madame to sleep over her indignation and indignities, and the cotton pillows in the dormitories were soaking up the first drops of a deluge of tears.

Downstairs the lace curtains hung forlorn, the beautiful exotics wasted their sweetness, the wax candles had been snuffed insultingly out.

"I do believe I could sleep better if I had tasted that fruit cake," murmured Patty, in a choked voice, from her little cot.

And I think Madame Maitres had had a sudden insight into the intricacies of Patty's nature before she replied grimly to Hugh's charitable representations:

"No, Monsieur! Mees Payne nevare repent!"

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "HAFFLED!"

"O wearisome condition of humanity!"

How many wretched homes in our land! How many heart-broken invalids! Life with many signifies a mere onerous existence. All are subject to disease, but when health is removed the hope is nearly gone out. Sickness is usually incurred through exposure or carelessness. Especially is this true with those diseases peculiar to woman. Through her own imprudence and folly she is made to drag out a miserable existence—a source of annoyance and anxiety to her friends, and anything but a comfort and pleasure to herself. Exposure to the cold at time when she should be most prudent, and overtaxing her body with laborious employment, are both fruitful causes of many of the maladies from which she suffers. Gradually the bloom leaves her cheeks, her lips grow ashy white, her vivacity departs, she continually experiences a feeling of weariness and general languor, and altogether presents a ghostly appearance. What does she need? Should she take some stimulating drug, which will for the time make her "*feel better*," or does her entire system demand reparation? She requires something which not only will restore to health the diseased organs, but will tone and invigorate the system. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do this. It imparts strength to the diseased parts, brings back the glow of health, and restores comfort where previously there was only suffering.

Every invalid lady should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of those diseases peculiar to Women. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address, for $1.50. Address R. V. Pierce, M.D., World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. Agents wanted to sell this valuable work.

POLITENESS is in business what stratagem is in war. It gives power to weakness, it supplies great deficiencies, and overcomes the enemy with but little sacrifice of time and blood. It is invincible either in the attack or defence.

RECEIPTS.

To cure a ringworm, paint it with iodine a few times and it will entirely destroy every vestige of it.

A TEASPOONFUL of powdered charcoal in molasses every morning is a good remedy for sick headache.

INFLAMED EYES.—A remedy in constant use among engravers, who frequently suffer from this malady, is the following: Drop a couple of drops of salt water into the eye, and almost instant relief will be experienced, followed by a speedy cure. Salt water is the natural wash of the eye.

INGROWING toe-nails are very troublesome and sometimes dangerous things. The cure is very simple. Take a sharp-pointed knife and cut a little furrow all along the top of the nail lengthwise. As it fills up scrape it out again. This will cause the nail to contract at the top, and so loosen its hold of the flesh.

A VERY dusty carpet may be cleansed by setting a pail of water out by the door, wet the broom in it, knock it to get off all the drops, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before, and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom, and not sweep far at a time. If done with care, it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water.

TO MEND RUBBER BOOTS.—Dissolve small pieces of rubber, not vulcanized, in warm spirits of turpentine, to the consistence of thin molasses. Rub the patch and the boot thoroughly with sharp sand-paper. Smear both with liquid rubber five times, letting them dry each time. At the sixth application apply the patch with strong pressure to the boot, and it is mended. Liquid rubber is obtainable at city drug stores.

TO KEEP HAMS.—There is no better way to keep hams through the summer, free from taint or insects, than by hanging them up in the smokehouse, which is of course to be kept perfectly dark. Where there is no smokehouse or dark room, sew each ham up in a canvas bag and thoroughly whitewash it. We have also kept them perfectly by rubbing into them wood ashes, packing them in barrels and covering them with ashes.

THIS is how they pack butter in California: They take a sack made to fit loosely in the barrel, half barrel or other package, as the case may be. The butter is pressed into little oblong sacks, something like those in which table salt is sold. It is then packed within the sack in the barrel, headed up, and the package is then filled with strong, pure brine. Thus it may be carried long distances by sea, and will come out sweet and good.

IN cases of ordinary sore throat, the simplest and best treatment is wet pack, using a linen cloth wrung from cold water, and over this a knit or crocheted yard band, four feet long and four inches wide. Apply this two or three nights in succession, unless it is a very serious case, when the pack should be kept on during the day. If taken off in the morning, wash the throat in very cold water, and rub dry with a coarse towel and with the hand. This will prevent taking more cold. The more friction used the better; let it be a sort of squeezing of the parts so as to affect the deep-seated tissues.

TREATMENT OF HEADACHE.—Dr. Lauder Brunton says: "The administration of a brisk purgative, or small doses of Epsom salts, thrice a day, is a most effectual remedy for frontal headache when combined with constipation; but if the bowels be regular, the morbid processes on which it depends seemed to be checked, and the headache removed even more effectually by nitro-hydrochloric acid, or by alkalies, given before meals. If the headache is immediately above the eyebrows, the acid is best; but if it be a little higher up, just where the hair begins, the alkalies appear to me to be the more effectual. At the same time that the headache is removed, the feeling of sleepiness and weariness, which frequently lead the patients to complain that they rise up more tired than they lie down, generally disappears."

THAT economy is not buying the lowest priced article. The best is cheapest. So with Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), it is best and cheapest and we ask our readers to test it for themselves.

POSTSCRIPTS.

— The custom has been inaugurated, in view of leap year, of giving ladies the privilege of paying the horse-car fare of their escorts and selves.

— A Hartford man wants to sell a farm in which "meandering streams and rivulets permeate luxuriant pastures, while majestic oaks and stately maples attract the eye of the beholder." Who bids?

— One swallow doesn't make a summer. "On the 3d of January, Michigan farmers were ploughing their fields. On the 10th of January they were using crowbars to dig the ploughs out of the furrows."

— A telegraphic station in mid-ocean is talked of, whereby vessels in distress could send information as to their exact position and damage. Other valuable information could also be obtained through such a medium.

— It is remarkable that various nations have each a different day of the week for the public celebration of religious services. Sunday is devoted by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

— While we have enjoyed a "green Christmas" on this side of the Atlantic, on the other side the cold has been very severe. An English lady, journeying from Paris to Marseilles, was snowed in for three days at Orange, not far from Avignon. That sort of thing is rather unusual in southern France, although common enough in our own blessed land.

— The ladies in Paris wear Ulsters, just as the men do here. A fashion correspondent writes: "The Ulsters are invariably gray, and instead of a fulness behind beneath the strap to make them set well, they are cut in regular gored Gabrielle fashion, hanging loose in front, under a large wide belt, and enjoying as many pockets and as much buttoned roughness as the manliest Ulster of 'em all."

— A queer place for a proposal. During the recent terrible peril of the steamer Deutschland, a couple on board who had been "courting" stood together under a mast. "Get up," said the gentleman, "into the mast and I will hold you." She obeyed, clasping the mast with two hands, he holding her up with one. While thus posed he proposed. What a word for such a situation! She accepted, and vows were exchanged. They were among the saved.

— The flag that waved over Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, during the British bombardment in 1814, and which suggested to Key the composition of "The Star Spangled Banner," is now owned by Mrs. Georgianna Armistead Appleton, of Boston, daughter of Colonel Armistead, who commanded the bombardment. The banner, which is much torn, is now on board the United States steamer Tallapoosa, lying at Portsmouth, N. H., and will be exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

— A hand-bouquet recently purchased for a New York belle, composed of air-plants, Marshalneil roses, lilies of the valley, violets, pink roses, and other choice flowers, though but a small affair, cost $30. Stage bouquets cost from $6 to $8 generally, but have been known to sell for as high as $500. Among floral displays may be mentioned that which was made at the obsequies of a New York gentleman, which consisted of a broken column with an anchor leaning against it, surmounted by a crown, the whole standing five feet in height. It cost the purchaser $1,000.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "HAFFLED!"

A True Woman.

It is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles, sunburns, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Feb. 26, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—292 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

A NEW STORY!

NEXT WEEK,

BY

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," Etc.,

ENTITLED

BAFFLED!

WILD OATS.

The old saying about "the sowing of wild oats" is a very foolish one. It is on a par with other incomprehensible and still popular lies, such as that "bad beginnings make the best endings," and that "married rakes are the best husbands." People repeat these old sayings as if they were wise; but Folly has her proverbs as well as Wisdom. Reduce such maxims into practice, knock a hole in the bottom of your ship as you are about to sail, fall and badly bruise yourself as you start on a journey, and take such beginnings as fine omens for success, if you can.

So also in the question of morals. To stain yourself so that you may become pure, to blot your virgin page so that it may look white, to throw away your money in order to fill your purse, would be all voted contradictions in terms; and living a youth of folly and sin, so that we may dedicate old age to wisdom, philosophy, virtue and greatness, is plainly no less. He who is resolved to sow wild oats broadcast in his youth may rest assured that there is an eternal truth in the saying, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap."

BE CAREFUL IN SMALL THINGS.

Irving, in his "Life of Washington," dwells on the particularity with which the great hero attended to the minutest affairs. The "Father of his Country," as his correspondence and account-books show, was "careful of small things," as well as of great, not disdaining to scrutinize the most petty expense of his household—and this even while acting as the first magistrate of the first Republic of the world.

The example of Washington, in this respect, might teach an instructive lesson to those who scorn what they call "petty" details. There are thousands of such individuals in every community. We all know more or less of them. Nothing is worthy of attention, in their opinion, unless it can be conducted on a grand scale. They will not condescend to the pennies, it is only the pounds to which they will attend. They spurn a small business. They talk superciliously of those who look into the little leakages that waste so much money in every concern. To hear them, one might think they were above the ordinary affairs of life, and that nothing was worthy of their time except discovering a California, or conquering a kingdom.

Yet no man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without "being careful of small things."

The world estimates men by their success in life, and, by general consent, success is evidence of superiority. Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others. Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve all your integrity of character in doing this; never reckon the cost. Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined, therefore look well to your duty when your duty is concerned. Never make money at the expense of your reputation. Be neither lavish nor niggardly—of the two avoid the latter—a mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping-stone to preferment, therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART VIII.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In glancing over our colonial history we are reminded of the fact that Pennsylvania, which justly takes so prominent a place in this Centennial Anniversary of the nation's birth, was among the last of the thirteen original States settled, making good the time-honored adage, "Last, but not least."

So thickly do events cluster about this period, that in trying to do justice to the history of the settlement of our beloved Keystone, within a limited space, we are seriously troubled by what the French term, so expressively, an "*embarras de richesse.*"

All around the unbroken forests of Pennsylvania colonies were growing rapidly.

Gustavus Adolphus, the great King of Sweden, had early in the seventeenth century conceived the plan of founding a colony in America, which he fondly named "the jewel of his kingdom." Falling in battle before he was able to consummate his design, it devolved upon the prime minister of the realm, who sent to the shores of Delaware in 1638 a large company of Swedes and Finlanders.

This colony flourished and spread into Pennsylvania, but their Dutch neighbors, fearing the increase of Swedish power, made war upon them, and finally conquered them. When in turn the Dutch were overpowered by the English, New Sweden, whose settlement and future glory had filled the mind of one of the greatest spirits of the age, bowed beneath the yoke of the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon race.

A better future was, however, reserved for New Sweden under the mild and liberal rule of William Penn, to whom it was formally conveyed, in 1682, by the Duke of York—thus the history of Delaware is for some years blended with that of Pennsylvania.

In order to form a just conception of the noble and disinterested motives that led to the founding of this latter colony, it will be necessary to glance briefly at the life and character of William Penn, who was born in England, A.D. 1644. Son of Admiral Sir William Penn, he received a liberal education at Oxford, and afterwards, at the court of France, perfected himself in those accomplishments and graces which, added to a pleasing exterior, fitted young Penn to adorn the most brilliant society.

While on a visit to Ireland, he listened to the preaching of Thomas Loe, an old Oxford friend, at this time an earnest propagator of the principles of George Fox. Deeply impressed with the purity and zeal of the Friends, and equally impressed by what he had seen in the world "of the irreligiousness of many of the religious," Penn permitted the voice of the spirit to outweigh the powerful arguments of worldly ambition, and the pleadings and final displeasure of his father, whose hopes were centred in this son.

Frankly avowing himself a Friend, no thoughts of danger or ridicule served to turn young Penn from his new purpose of life. Several times he was imprisoned on account of his peculiar views, and for his boldness in raising his voice against all manner of popular abuses.

Being released in 1675, he hastened to his father's side to receive his blessing and hear him with his dying lips give proof of his respect for those principles which, in the light of worldly honors and prosperity, he had so despised. Admiral Penn also secured for his son the favor of the king and Duke of York, which afterwards proved of service to him.

A pretty pastoral scene now finds place among the sterner facts of the life of the Quaker hero, as we read of his introduction into the charmed circle at Chalfont, where such men as Milton, Ellwood and Pennington mingled together in familiar intercourse, and where Penn met for the first time the beautiful Gulielma Speingett, his future wife.

Thomas Ellwood was also deeply enamoured of the charms of the captivating Guli; but his young rival, handsome, as we see from a portrait taken about that time, and possessed of graceful manners as well as a noble mind, carried off the prize. As a preacher and writer, Penn has left memorials of his genius and goodness dear to the Friends in England and America; but his most enduring monument is the State which he founded.

Becoming interested in American Colonization, Penn received from Charles II in lieu of £16,000 which the British Government owed his father, a tract of land north of Maryland whose limits were defined. Of this region he was to be sole proprietory, with all the powers of a captain-general. For its government Penn drew up a just and liberal code of laws, which secured to the people the right to choose their own officers and legislators. In all essentials this government was to be a pure democracy, for although Penn was called the "Quaker King," he used his power most mildly, as if he said to the infant State, "You are weak and young, and I will bear you in my arms until you are strong enough to stand alone." He divested himself of authority to appoint officers in the colony, and proudly declared that throughout his domain the name of tax-gatherer should be unknown. How different were Penn's views of colonization from those of his contemporary Locke! One code was in accordance with the feudalism of the past; the other bore within it the genius of American independence. The whole United States owe no small debt of gratitude to Penn, and his noble adviser and friend, Algernon Sidney, for colonies that lifted up their voices in that early dawn for freedom, equality, and representative government held beacon lights, in their hands, to guide the generations that should come.

In 1681 Penn sent a party of emigrants to his colony, for whom Colonel Markham had already paved the way. To these he gave particular instructions as to their place of landing, comfort of the colonists, and treatment of the natives.

In 1682 he followed, in person, to test the soundness of his "Holy Experiment," leaving his wife and children in England. After a voyage of nine months, the Welcome moored off Newcastle, and William Penn set foot on the shores of the New World.

Dixon draws a graceful picture of this scene of landing—Penn the central figure, with his ship's company grouped around him, Swedes and Dutchmen standing a little apart, while in the background against the shadows of the forest trees, mute but keenly observant, pathetic from their intense repressed interest, stands the noble chief Taminent, with a party of the Lenni Lenape in the picturesque costume of their tribe.

Colonel Markham had already purchased Pennsylvania from the Indians, and received from them the wampum belt in token of good-fellowship, which they accompanied with these words: "We will live in peace with Onas and his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure." In order to further cement this union, Penn determined to confer with Taminent whom he knew well, and others of the native kings. Accordingly a council was convened, at what is now Kensington, then known as "Sakimaxing; or the Locality of Kings," where under a lofty elm the Englishman spoke to these children of the forest as the white man had never before spoken to them as a brother and a friend. "This treaty," says Voltaire, "is the only one never sworn to and never broken."

Selecting the site of the city of Philadelphia, a neck of land lying between two rivers, which seemed large to these Englishmen who had not beheld the Mississippi, Penn proceeded to lay out his city, it is said, on the plan of ancient Babylon. It was to have straight, wide streets, squares and gardens, and as much as possible to preserve the appearance of a "greene country town," which was the case until near the time of the Revolutionary War.

Numbers of settlers flocked into the colony before a house had been built, so great was the confidence inspired by the new proprietary. Discovering some large caves on the high banks of the Schuylkill, many gladly sought refuge in them, while others encamped beneath the shelter of forest trees.

Great must have been the sufferings of these first settlers, but, like those of Plymouth, they murmured not nor turned back with longing to the "flesh-pots of Egypt." Filled with energy and enthusiasm, men and women toiled together at the work of house building, which progressed so rapidly, that before winter came dwellings were provided for all the families of the colony. Two years later there were two hundred houses in Philadelphia, and a considerable commerce soon sprang up, which brought to her wharves the commodities of other countries.

Penn, not only interested in the outward growth of the colony but in its moral and mental advancement, made laws of the strictest nature to hedge in the purity of the young city, and, almost before the trees of the forest had been cleared away, began to build schools and set up a printing press.

In 1684, the governor turned his face homeward, leaving his blessing with this "city of his heart," which had been hallowed by his hopes and his prayers.

In 1693, Penn had the misfortune to lose his beloved Gulielma, and three years later married Hannah Callowhill, after whom Callowhill street was named.

Glancing over Mrs. Penn's book of family expenses, a volume yellowed by age, this entry struck my eye: "Cash for self, five pounds; for husband, ten pounds." Does the fact require any comment? Are we not sure that Hannah was a good and faithful wife?

Penn again visited his colony in 1699, remaining two years.

Meanwhile settlers from different nations flocked into Pennsylvania to taste the sweets of religious liberty and self-government. Many of the persecuted Scotch-Irish Presbyterians came and settled in the southern portion of the State—people as earnest and conscientious as the Puritans, with less austerity in character and manners, they formed no unimportant element in the country of their adoption. From among their numbers they sent to the colonial army some of her bravest soldiers, while every department of the State has been enriched from their dwelling among us.

About 1741, the Moravians formed a settlement in the beautiful valley of the Lehigh, founding the city of Bethlehem, which, although it has greatly enlarged its borders, still retains the impress of the character of the earnest and single-hearted men who began the work, and as the chief seat of the Moravian Church in America.

At the time of the Revolution Pennsylvania ranked third among the colonies, being only surpassed by Virginia and Massachusetts.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED."

A MAGNIFICENT PROPOSITION.

The New York *Graphic* makes a novel proposition respecting the Centennial, which ought to be acceptable to the pretty girls. It believes that it lies with American beauties—and our women are the most beautiful in the world—to make the whole enterprise the most finished success of modern times. They may put $100,000,000 in the hands of the Centennial Commission without any trouble on their part, and with great joy and satisfaction to their admirers. The *Graphic* makes the following proposition:

In this country there are at least 1,000,000 of pretty girls, and consequently many millions of lovers, each of whom is ready to do battle with fist, pistol, and pocket-knife, to establish the fact that his beloved is the fairest among women.

The proposition is, that in each city, town, and village, the beauty of the most fair shall be established by ballot, each voter paying a certain sum for the privilege of casting his ballot.

The money thus collected, in any case where it amounts to $100 or more, shall be sent to the *Graphic*, which, in turn, will place it in the hands of the Centennial Commission, and publish the portrait of the successful beauty from the photograph accompanying the draft.

From 1,000,000 of pretty girls, $100,000,000 will thus accrue to this great enterprise, and their beauty, unlike that of Helen of old, instead of setting the nations by the ears, will promote peace and industries. Here is a chance for the beaux to show their gallantry and do a patriotic deed. Who will be the first in the field for love and beauty?

The Saturday Evening Post is one of the most welcome of our weekly exchanges, and the best illustrated weekly published in Philadelphia. Its existence for fifty-five years is, alone, convincing evidence of its merits. It is always filled with interesting tales and useful information, which render it a welcome visitor in family circles.—*The Jewish Record*, Philadelphia, Jan. 28, 1876.

GENERAL A. T. GOSHORN.

A short biographical sketch of this distinguished gentleman, to whom the whole country is so largely indebted for the successful progress of our Centennial Exhibition, and who, from the prominent part he has taken in its management, will necessarily attract considerable attention from visitors, cannot but be of deep interest to all readers of the Post. How much, indeed, we are indebted to General Goshorn for the energetic, zealous and intelligent services he has rendered, will not be realized until the history of this grand enterprise comes to be written by-and-by, after all the excitement and *furore* is over.

Alfred T. Goshorn, the Director-General of the Centennial Exhibition, was born in Cincinnati in 1834. He graduated at Hamilton College in 1854, and, studying law, was admitted to the bar in 1856. Becoming the proprietor of extensive white-lead works in Cincinnati, he retired from his profession to engage in manufacturing. For some years he was a member of the city government, and he also participated actively in the labors of the Board of Trade. It was as a member of the Executive Committee of this body that he became interested in the organization of the Industrial Exhibition held in Cincinnati in 1870, and was made its President. The exhibition proved so successful that it has since been repeated annually, constantly growing in magnitude. It remained under Mr. Goshorn's management until, on the organization of the Centennial Commission, in which he represented the State of Ohio, he was called upon to assume the general direction of the International Exhibition of 1876. This appointment was made in May, 1873, as soon as the organization of the Centennial Board of Finance had placed the Centennial Commission in the possession of funds wherewith to set about the actual preparations for the Exhibition. Mr. Goshorn did not, however, immediately enter upon the active discharge of his duties, but spent the summer at Vienna, supplementing his previous experience by studying the workings of the International Exhibition of 1873, and deriving many useful suggestions from such experts in world's fairs as Baron Schwarz-Senborn, the Austrian Director-General, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, of the British Commission, and M. du Sommerard, of the French Commission. Returning to Philadelphia in the autumn, he assumed the active direction, and at once set about organizing the machinery of the Exhibition. Thenceforth all the multifarious details involved in his preparation was either originated by him or carried out under his personal supervision. To his energy, patience and foresight is due the remarkable smoothness with which the great task has moved on to success, and the absence of any of the false steps, urged by numberless indiscreet volunteer counsellors, which it would be necessary to rectify. Very few persons are in a position to estimate the amount of organizing power involved in the preparation of a great exhibition. Six months hence visitors to the Centennial grounds will begin to realize the wisdom and skill with which Mr. Goshorn has set the resources and achievements of each country in the best light before the world.

A new story next week, by MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED!"

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS IN 1875.

An observant philosopher has shrewdly remarked that, "Happy are the people who have no history." Looking backward over all preceding and barbarous ages, the saying is no less wise than witty. So long as history concerned itself only or chiefly with war, devastation and the misfortunes of mankind, its absence was for any people matter for congratulation. Looking forward to the Golden age, not far distant, we shall see history concerning itself chiefly with the more important yet less sensational matters which promote progress in the arts of peace and industrial advancement.

The people of the United States are to celebrate this year the Centennial anniversary of their Independence; but it is safe to say that we should not think of making a World's Exposition of progress during the past century if we had only the most notable events of our history, our wars with England, Mexico and among ourselves, to show for it. The inventors of the cotton gin, of the reaper and mower, the sewing machine, the electric telegraph and of the innumerable devices for promoting civilization by bringing men nearer to each and lightening their burdens, will make a prouder record in our coming Centennial than any mere military heroes. War for any cause is a public calamity. It may be the alternative of a worse evil and therefore excusable, but it always needs excuse. Only industrial progress benefits all, and is an unmixed good.

During the year just closed there has been no one achievement which towers far above others. Progress has been made, but it has been mainly in minor details rather than in single brilliant strokes. Despite the "hard times" which have affected all kinds of commercial and speculative business, the producing interests of the country are probably today more firmly established and more prosperous than a year ago. The farmers and other producing classes are probably also in better condition. Earnings have been small; but economy has been general, and the savings from small gains are more important to the individual or community than great increase in profits. Notwithstanding the general lack of astounding discoveries or inventions, the year has not lacked many of great importance, and which, in an age of fewer industrial triumphs, would have created a great deal of interest and excitement. It cannot be doubted that the aggregate of these lesser inventions cannot fail to be of great and increasing importance to the cause of human progress and improvement. An invention once made is for all time, and what now seems of the slightest importance, working through centuries and ages yet to come, may affect for good millions and millions of men and women yet unborn.

Take our advice. Don't subscribe to a weekly story and literary paper until you examine the old and ever popular Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. It is the king of them all.—*Eastern Virginian*, Onancock, Accomac Co., Va., Jan. 28, 1876.

The inmates of a blind asylum sometimes see hard times. No need of eyes for that.

THE CENTENNIAL AND ITS EFFECTS.

If our approaching World's Fair had no purpose other than to gratify curiosity, by providing a great show of beautiful and curious objects, it might well be doubted whether it would be worth the cost. It has far higher ends, however, and its results will be seen when the multitudes that will throng Fairmount Park next summer shall have forgotten everything save the most striking features of the spectacle. The value of the exhibition to all who are interested in the study of the relative development of nations will be incalculable. An American, who spent five months at the Vienna Exhibition, remarked after its close that he felt as if he had gone around the world and had observed the manners and customs of all countries. "Show me the books you read," said a wise man, "and I will describe your character." Show us the articles a nation makes—the machines it invents, the pictures it paints, the furniture and apparel it uses, the food it prepares—and we can judge of its arts, its laws, its domestic life. The visitor to the Centennial will see far more of the world than Phineas Fogg saw when he made his eighty days' journey.

We did not intend, however, to speak here of the value of the Fair—to the man of science, the artist, the farmer, the mechanic, as a mine of information, but rather to refer to its probable effect upon the mercantile interests of this country. The business community, stunned by the panic of 1873 has been in a half lethargy ever since. It requires some stimulus to arouse it to new exertions. The panic served a good purpose in checking a mania for a reckless speculation that was the offspring of a long period of unexampled prosperity, and the hard times that followed have enforced useful lessons of economy. The country has taken a two years' rest; its breathing spell has lasted long enough; it is ready to start afresh, and only lacks confidence in itself to run another course in the race of material progress. This confidence, we believe, the Centennial will leave behind it as a legacy. When we have gathered the products of our empire and set them forth in orderly array beside those of all the other nations of the earth, we shall better appreciate our resources. We are more bountifully endowed than any other land the sun shines upon. We are young, strong, inventive, and quick-witted. No oppressive government cripples our industry; no hostile neighbors threaten us; we have not the burden of a standing army to carry. In comparing our condition with that of other peoples, we shall see that we have the advantage over them in most important respects, and if in some things we are lacking—if our fine arts are backward, our manufactures wanting in taste, our agriculture unscientific, or our domestic life wasteful—we shall see our shortcomings so plainly by contrast that we shall make a great effort to remedy them, and thus, by perceiving wherein lies our weakness we shall augment our powers. When the Centennial is over, the whole nation will feel refreshed and encouraged. The universal outburst of patriotic feeling will of itself do much toward setting the wheels of trade in motion. After a man has hurrahed lustily for his country, he is in the best possible frame of mind to go to work. His doubts as to the future have vanished. He has the confidence, which is the life of all enterprise. By thus giving our people a better understanding of their own wealth and strength, by causing them to see and remedy their failings, and by awakening in them a stronger love of their common country and a livelier faith in its destiny, the Centennial ought to bring about a rapid revival of business.

—*New York Tribune.*

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED."

MY MOTTOES.

BY CLARA STANLEY.

I.

"Nature's wells are below the frost."

There is a sad yet sweet earnestness in Winter's days. All nature sets us the example, and we live an inward life that fills us with grace and courage for the rest of the year. How warm and cheery our hearts grow, like cottages under drifts, and how we watch the flicker and flame of our pleasant fire, as we would watch the face of a friend! Snow and ice are only vivid dreams that fade in Spring's sunshine; for below the frost are living waters where the trees are nourished, and the tiniest seeds are fed.

II.

"The blue-bird carries the sky on his back."

Why cannot we do as the birds do—carry our own little patch of sky and our little lot of stars about with us? Is it because we never lift ourselves above the dust and sordidness of the world, into the sweet, eternal light, where the distance looks blue and the stars are of gold? If we could, only once in our lives, stand on the summit of some lonely hill, and look out over the clouds, we would feel our souls grow purer. Life does not crowd us there, but there is room for happy thought, "sexton to all the world," and limner of fairest faces; and we, too, might descend and bear about the sky upon our backs and heaven's light on our foreheads.

III.

"Sitting still at home is the heavenly way,
The going out is the way of the world."

So Abu Musa teaches, and our hearts are scholars. Out in the world, on its dusty highway, in the midst of its noise and jostle, is where we are assailed by manifold temptations, which, disguised as they are by the mists of imagination, and the subtle fires of passion, trip us down at every step. We gain experience, but how dear a teacher she proves! Abu Musa is a better one. If we heed his friendly warning we may learn the heavenly way where the angels stand. Faith, hope and charity fold their bright wings above us, and the air grows warm and radiant about our paths. Not that I call a house, home; no, wherever our work and duty is, there is our home; and the "sitting still" means, in my thought, the being folded safely away in the holy keeping of Providence.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED!"

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you are at home.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Hon. Worthy Putman, of Berrien Springs, Michigan, is collecting a copy of every newspaper published in the United States for exhibition at the Centennial. A worthy enterprise.

A huge "Desiccator" for fruits and vegetables will be erected on the Centennial grounds. Its capacity will be for 100 bushels of cored and sliced fruit at a time. The Department of Agriculture commend the invention, which will be of special interest to Grangers.

The winter of 1776 was an unusually mild one, and this winter therefore seems to be a repetition of its weather. An hundred years ago this mild weather was very fortunate, as it enabled Americans to procure supplies from the West Indies and prepare for the coming conflict.

The students and professors of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will make an excursion to the Exhibition in June, and will encamp in the Park during their stay. Under the guidance of their professors, the students will make a systematic inspection of the exhibits.

The annual capacity of Philadelphia carpet looms is estimated at 24,000,000 yards, which at seventy-five cents foots up $18,000,000 a year. Many of our establishments are making special preparations for the Exposition, and there can be no doubt that they will be brilliantly represented on the occasion, not only by ingrain carpets, but the finer products.

The Shoe and Leather exhibition building in the Centennial grounds will be a great addition to the "side shows" of the Exhibition. It will be 160 feet by 314 on the ground, two stories in height, constructed of iron, wood and glass, and will cost $30,000. In this department of industry we can beat the world. Our exports of leather already are valued by the millions and rapidly growing. "There's nothing like leather."

In the Agricultural Hall there are 230,373 square feet for exhibition purposes. It will be occupied as follows: England and her colonies, except Canada, 18,745; Canada, 10,094; France, 15,574; Russia, 6,785; Spain, 6,005; Germany, 4,875; Brazil, 4,057; Netherlands, 4,275; Sweden, 2,643; Chili, 2,493; Belgium, 1,601; Japan, 1,665; Peru, 1,632; Liberia, 1,536; Norway, 1,530; Siam and neighboring provinces, 1,220; Portugal, 1,020; Argentine Republic, 959, and Denmark, 806.

The Centennial Legion, to represent thirteen States at the Centennial, it is proposed shall assemble at Philadelphia July 4th. The following are the companies comprising it: Boston Light Infantry; Amoskeag Veterans; Providence Light Infantry; New Haven Grays; Old Guard of New York; Phil. Kearny Guard of New Jersey; State Fencibles of Philadelphia; American Rifles of Delaware; one company of the Fifth Maryland; Norfolk Light Guard, Norfolk; Fayetteville Rifles, North Carolina; Washington Light Guard of Charleston, and the Clinch Rifles of Georgia.

Pennsylvania will occupy the largest space in the United States Department of the Main Exposition Building, New York being second, Massachusetts third, Ohio fourth, New Jersey fifth, and Connecticut sixth. There is not an important business interest in Pennsylvania that will not be fully represented, either in this or in the other departments. Large amounts of space have been allotted to exhibitors from all sections of the Lehigh and Pittsburgh coal regions, and the iron display will be fully proportionate to the extraordinary magnitude and importance of that interest in the Keystone State.

It is the intention at the Authors' Carnival, under the auspices of the Ladies' Centennial Committee, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on February 22d and 23d, not only to personate *en costume* the characters of the authors, but that each table shall, in the articles for sale, represent different ideas of the writers. To carry out the plan to its fullest possible extent, the ladies are now exercising their judgments and vieing with one another in originating quaint and curious devices. It may, therefore, be expected that the entertainment will not only be as grand in all its details as any of the preceding Centennial festivities, but that it will excel them all in novelty.

The catalogue of the exhibits from Germany shows that the number of exhibitors will be 1,033, and there will be 17 collective exhibits—that is, combinations of different trades. Of chemical products there will be 40 exhibits, one of the principal articles being the cologne so famous throughout the world. Of china, glass and porcelain ware there will be 25 exhibitors, including the Royal Prussian china manufactory. Of physical and optical instruments there will be 25 exhibitors, of musical instruments 35 exhibitors, and of oil prints, pictures, etc., 30 exhibitors. Wines will be shown by 87 producers. Toys and fancy goods will have 35 exhibitors. Gephart & Co., of Eberfeld, a celebrated satin manufacturing firm, will occupy a space of 400 feet.

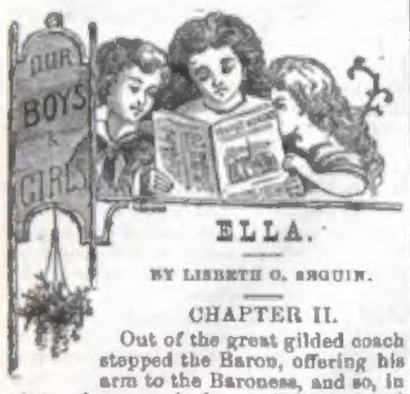
On the first of March an additional post-office station will be established in the Government Building on the Centennial grounds. It is to be handsomely fitted up with walnut and glass partitions and all the necessary appliances for post-office work. Carriers will make frequent deliveries within the grounds, and take up mail matter hourly from fifty street letter-boxes to be placed at convenient points. These boxes are of the regulation pattern, but will be highly ornamented, mounted on pedestals, and bear upon their face, on a gold ground work, the number of collections in seven different languages. There will also be hourly communication with the main office, and direct mails dispatched to and received from the through postal lines, north, south and west, by wagons specially built for the purpose, of stylish appearance, and in charge of uniformed drivers.

In Horticultural Hall the largest space will be occupied by Pennsylvania, New Jersey being second, New York third, and California fourth. In the surrounding grounds, beautifully laid out with flower-beds and traversed by smooth, broad avenues, England has been allotted 43,000 square feet of space, Germany 10,100, Spain 5,000, the Argentine Republic 5,000, France 3,800, and the Netherlands 200. At each of six different points a set of these avenues meet at a common centre, where, upon a circular spot sixty feet in diameter, will be erected an ornamental summer-house. Morocco has applied for permission to erect on one of these plots an elaborate structure illustrating what Moorish architecture was several centuries ago. In the flower-beds more than 32,000 hyacinths and tulip-bulbs have been planted, and, with thousands of other beautiful and delicate plants, will be in full bloom on the opening-day of the Exhibition.

In the Women's Building none of the goods on exhibition will be classified, but placed in an apartment. A large portion of the northern section has been set apart for the Art Department. The applications for space here from celebrated artists and sculptors has been very large, which includes gems from Paris, London, Milan, Italy, etc. One section will contain women's industries, such as engraving, book-binding, lithographing, etc.; another for patents, in which will be the useful patents conceived by women, many of them now in useful operation. The northwest corner has been assigned to the Art School of Cincinnati; in it will be bedsteads, chairs, desks, etc., with carvings by the ladies of that school of design, while the walls will be filled with pictures and carvings. In the east end will be a large music gallery, in which an orchestra will be stationed. There will also be a collection of old relics. The building will contain offices, parlors and every other arrangement that taste and convenience can suggest. There will be no goods allowed in the building except those manufactured by women, and nothing intended for women manufactured by men will be permitted within the portals.

Mr. George P. Rowell, of New York, has prepared plans for a structure in which to arrange a display of the productions of the newspaper press of the United States. The idea is cordially approved by Mr. Goshorn, the director-general, and all that is now lacking is an assurance from the press itself that all interested will heartily co-operate so as to guarantee complete success. In this single line of enterprise the United States leads all nations. Germany stands first in Europe as the patron of newspapers, Great Britain alone excepted, but the United States stands six to one compared with the realm of Queen Victoria. The building proposed will cost, say $6,000, so that the entire expenditure for all purposes need not exceed $15,000 or $20,000. The plan corresponds somewhat to the Astor Library as to alcoves and shelving, only that the space allotted to specimen copies (comprising say three months' issue previous to the opening, May 1st) will be divided into 5,400 "pigeon holes," much after the style observed by our principal advertising agencies. The aggregate number of periodical issues in the country—dailies, hebdomadals, and all—is 7,870, so that the number of spaces provided will be ample. There will be 150 in a case, two cases backing each other. The dimensions of the building will be 66 by 44 feet, the lower part to be occupied as just described, with side floors and an overhanging gallery above, where desks for correspondents and rooms for retired conversation will be provided. The first requisite is co-operation.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED!"



ELLA.

BY LISBETH O. SEQUIN.

CHAPTER II.

Out of the great gilded coach stepped the Baron, offering his arm to the Baroness, and so, in state, they marched up the steps and into the house, the lady's train of silk and lace rustling after her, and keeping the other two ladies quite at a distance. They had elegant trains of their own, however, to rustle in their turn, and chains and jewels, and all manner of fine things, and the loveliest bonnets, just from Paris, and they looked altogether so gorgeous, and, as our simple-minded Ella thought, so very queer, that she was quite overwhelmed with astonishment and awe. She was, you see, unused to the sight of the latest Paris fashions.

As the Baron and the Baroness entered the house, the servants, who were waiting to receive them, bowed and curtsied, but Ella, with her torn frock and tumbled hair, shrinking back amazed, could only stare with wide-open eyes and mouth. Her appearance attracted the lady's attention.

"Who is that shock-headed girl?" she asked of her husband.

The Baron turned quickly round to look.

"That—dear me!" said he. "That, my love, is my daughter. Come, my child, and speak to the Baroness, and don't stand looking like a goose," he added, in an undertone to Ella.

So encouraged, Ella ventured timidly forward.

"Umph," said the Baroness, taking up her eye-glass to inspect her new daughter. "We shall know one another better by-and-by, I supposel"

But Ella felt all the time that she was looking at nothing so much as that unfortunate rent in her dress. Then the Baroness turned and waved her hand majestically towards the young ladies in her rear.

"These," she said, "are my daughters, Sophia-Matilda and Jemima-Anne," and her manner seemed to imply: Just observe the vast difference, if you please, between these elegant and beautiful creatures and yourself, you mean and shabby little girl. At any rate, this was what Ella understood her to mean, and she felt more abashed than ever in the presence of her overpowering sisters.

They, however, shook hands with her, and endeavored to draw her into conversation.

"Tell us," said the eldest, Sophia-Matilda, "what sort of a neighborhood this is, my dear."

"Oh," said Ella, "it's very pretty in some parts, and the woods are lovely."

Sophia-Matilda burst out laughing.

"What a ridiculous child!" said she. "What sort of a neighborhood is it for visiting? What kind of people are there?"

"Lor, Sophia, how should she know?" put in the other sister. "She doesn't go out."

"But indeed I do," returned Ella, quickly. "I go out a great deal—particularly in the summer. And as for the people, they are as nice as can be."

"Who do you know?" asked Sophia.

"Oh, everybody, of course. Haven't I lived here all my life?" said Ella. "But I go oftenest to see old Betty, that is Nancy the cook's mother, because she is sick and lame, and can't get out herself."

At this innocent speech, both Sophia-Matilda and Jemima-Anne went into such fits of laughter, that Ella was quite sure she must have made some capital joke, only she couldn't see it.

"What is it?" she asked. "Did I say anything so funny?"

At which they both went off into fits again.

"Did you ever see such a comical child in your life?" gasped Sophia-Matilda, as soon as she could find breath.

"It's perfectly killing," said Jemima-Anne, wiping the tears of laughter from her cheeks.

"And now suppose you show us the house and our rooms," suggested Sophia; "for I suppose it will soon be time to dress for dinner."

Ella stared so, that Sophia asked:

"Whatever's the matter now, child?"

"I was only thinking," stammered Ella, very much confused. "Aren't you dressed now?"

Then the two sisters laughed again.

"Any-how," said Jemima, "if we are, you certainly are not."

Ella glanced down with a blush at the rent in her dress.

"Oh, you mean that," said she. "Yes, I must mend it. It's a pity, isn't it? because it's my Sunday frock, you see."

At which Sophia-Matilda and Jemima-Anne laughed to such an extent, that Ella thought they were never going to stop.

They were, at any rate, merry girls enough, and "there is no fear," thought Ella, "of my being dull or lonely any more. Just now I am rather frightened at these smart and beautiful young ladies, to-be-sure, but by-and-by I dare say we shall get on very well, and if they will only be kind to me, I am certain I shall love them dearly."

However, as time went on, it did not seem that Ella's hopes in this matter were to be fulfilled.

Ella, with the sweetness and humility which were part of her nature, tried to make herself as agreeable as she knew how, both to the Baroness and to her daughters, but she did not obtain from them any great amount of kindness in return.

The Baroness complained to her husband that "the girl," as she called her, was lamentably ignorant of everything that she ought to know, and that her tastes were low.

"Poor child!" returned the Baron; "you see she has suffered under many disadvantages; but 'now, under your guidance, my dear," he added, gallantly, "and in the society of your accomplished daughters, she will doubtless improve."

"She knows actually nothing," said the Baroness.

"She only wants teaching. If you or one of the young ladies would take her in hand, now——"

"A pretty notion, indeed!" retorted the lady. "Do you expect me and my daughters to turn governesses to that hoyden? No, no; you needn't think of it."

The young ladies had a beautiful new piano sent to them, on which they used to practice for several hours daily, one after the other, and to the accompaniment of which they used to sing very difficult and excruciating duets.

Ella used to listen to them entranced, and was most anxious for a little instruction; but neither Sophia nor Jemima would trouble themselves to teach her, until, at last, one day Sophia, who was certainly the most good-natured of the two, struck a bargain with her.

Sophia, who was very fond of sweets, found out that Ella knew how to make some almond-cakes, of which she was particularly fond, and she promised that whenever Ella brought her one of these favorite cakes, she would give her a music lesson.

Sometimes she fulfilled her promise and sometimes she did not. But by this means Ella contrived to learn a little, and she would get up in the morning quite early—hours before the others were astir — in order to practice. Unfortunately, however, one morning the Baroness happened to be wakeful, and finding the scale of C played up and down in rather a stumbling manner—one hand at a time—somewhat irritating to the nerves, she at once put a stop to these performances and to the lessons.

"But I shall expect my almond-cakes all the same," said Sophia.

"Certainly, my darling," said her mother. "There is no reason why you should not have them. There is nothing, besides, that Ella likes so much as muddling down in the kitchen and making herself a figure. It's the only thing she's fit for," she added, contemptuously.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

An American farmer, named Watson, living at the time near Red River, Arkansas, relates that one day an Indian, with whom he was friendly, came to him in a great rage against a certain planter, who had set his dogs on him. He declared he would kill him, or set fire to his buildings.

"Oh, no," said Watson, "that would not be right."

"What!" said the Indian, "not right to kill him, when he set his dogs on me?"

"No," was the reply; "beside, what good would it do you to kill him?"

"I would have my revenge," said the Indian.

"That," said Watson, "would be nothing, and you would be guilty of murder, and be in constant danger and dread of punishment."

The Indian looked very thoughtful for a short time, and then said:

"Well, what shall I do?"

"Why," said Watson, "do that man some good the very first opportunity, and you will find that sweeter than revenge, and it will bring you into no danger, but may bring you many blessings."

The Indian looked at him earnestly, and said:

"You never told me a lie; I will try it, and find out if you lie now."

Several months passed on. Mr. Watson had forgotten the circumstance, when one day the Indian came to him with new blankets, overjoyed to see him.

"Ah!" said he, "you told me true; it is no lie!"

"Well, what is it?" said Watson.

"Why, you remember I was going to kill such a planter, and you told me not to, but to do him good. Well, some days ago that man was lost in the woods until he was almost starved. I found him. 'Now,' said I, 'I can easily kill him for setting his dogs on me,' but I remembered what you told me, and so I took him to my camp and fed him, and kept him over night, and the next day took him to his plantation. When just by it, I said to him, 'There is your house; you see it; go.' He was so glad, he shook me by the hand, and called me good Indian. 'Yes,' said I; 'but you did not think me very good when you set your dogs on me.' 'I set my dogs on you?' said the planter, turning pale at the thought of the hazard he knew he had been in, from his knowledge of the Indian character. 'Yes, you set your dogs on me at such a time, and I had to run for my life.' 'I am sorry,' said the planter, 'and you have rendered good for evil; come in.' So," continued the Indian, "he took me in his house, and told all his negroes to treat me well if I came there when he was not at home. And he gave me these fine blankets, and made me feel happy. You told me no lies."

Here was sown a little good seed, which bore its good fruit, and all because the Indian thought Mr. Watson "did not lie."

YEARS AGO there lived a rich Italian merchant whose peculiar pride was not in his wealth, but in the fact that for fifty years he had not been beyond the walls of his native city. He knew nothing of the outside world, and cared still less about it. The story of his boast came one day to the ears of the Duke of the province, who at once sent the merchant word that he should not go beyond his city limits, on any pretence whatever, except through payment of a fine of ten thousand crowns. When he received this message, the man of "home habits" smiled at the idea of his ever wishing to go beyond the walls, and for a while almost forgot the order. Gradually, however, the prohibition awoke a rebellious feeling against it, and the longing to do what was forbidden and to break the law he was compelled to keep, grew so strong that before many months the ten thousand crowns actually went into the ducal treasury, while the merchant made a short trip into the adjacent country. We do not know that he went more than once. Perhaps the Duke removed the prohibition, and then there was no desire to go, or perhaps the merchant came to the conclusion that such trips were too costly for even a rich man to make very often.

A similar story is told of one of the earlier kings of England, who, however, merely ordered his subject not to leave London without the royal permission. It was not long before that permission was sought, and another merchant took his first trip beyond the confines of his native city. This story may have been taken, in later days, from the Italian one, although the English story-tellers accept it as genuine.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED!"

PAINTING is silent poetry, and poetry a speaking picture.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
Since forty years ago,
When gals wore woolen dresses, Jim,
And boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of calf skin,
And socks of home-spun wool,
And children did a half day's work
Before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim,
Upon the spinning wheel,
And practiced late and early, Jim,
On the spindle, swift and reel;
The boys would ride bare-back to the mill
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some forty years ago.

The people rode to meeting, Jim,
In sleds instead of sleighs.
And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As buggies nowadays;
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast,
Some forty years ago.

O, well do I remember, Jim,
That Wilson's patent stove
That father bought and paid for, Jim,
In cloth our gals had wove;
And how the neighbors wondered, Jim,
When we got the thing to go!
They said 'twould burst and kill us all,
Some forty years ago.

Yes, everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to was,
For men are always tampering, Jim,
With God's great natural laws;
But what on earth we're coming to—
Does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much,
Since forty years ago.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED."

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

[This story was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT TIME WILL DO.

There is a kind of excitement often about sudden misfortune like that attending a physical wound, which carries the sufferers over the first biting pangs of it, but that is followed by a collapse in which all the vital powers fall to their lowest ebb. As long as Audrey had the stir and bustle of preparation to engage her mind, arrangements to make, business matters to be seen to, she did not feel the full stress of her altered circumstances; but when she was once fairly settled with her sister in the new quarters, with nothing for the moment pressing on her attention, a dull, hopeless melancholy fell upon her. Nor were the surroundings of her new position of a nature calculated to raise her spirits. Bessemer-gardens are very respectable, but dull to the utmost, and the heavy exhausted air of Pimlico supplies no restorative vigor to the frame. Mrs. Martin, too, was not of a lively, cheerful temperament, and the occasional visits that she paid her new lodger were of a dispiriting character. Her vague, mysterious utterances, her attitude of uncomplaining suffering, were infectious of doubt and disquiet. Then the service was irregular, the Martins being often away for the whole day, intent on their new arrangements; the management of affairs devolved upon the maid-of-all-work Jane, who from charitable motives had been retained upon the new establishment. Jane was zealous and impulsively hard-working, but her passion was for cleaning up, and she looked upon meals as so many devices to hinder her in her work, and regarded times and seasons with a quite heroic indifference. Then her knowledge of cooking was of the most rudimentary kind, and everything came up either raw or burnt, and only constant in its greasiness.

Martin himself was anxious for the comfort of the young ladies, and promised to reform matters as soon as he could take the management into his own hands. Martin had been busy enough for the last few days. There was the sale at Avenue-gardens to occupy him, and he had secured many relics of his late master's household goods. Then he had his legacy to look after, and had had many consultations with Framlingham on the subject. The lawyer had at last come to the final conclusion that Martin would get nothing at all for his thousand pounds, for it was payable out of the personal estate, and the personal estate would be all swallowed up in the purchase of Wilfordhurst. Martin was almost crazy at the idea of this result, that he should lose the reward of his many years' faithful service under a legal quibble. His wife, too, was equally indignant, especially as it was now very clear that the principal person to benefit by their loss would be Robert Petworth.

"Can nothing be done to stop him, John?" asked Mrs. Martin one evening as they were discussing the matter over an evening tumbler of toddy; "can't we frighten him into letting us have our money?"

"Nothing can stop him now, lawyer Framlingham says. As long as Westley Wilford can show himself the lawful son of his father, nothing can keep him out."

"Oh, it hangs on that," said Mrs. Martin, gravely. "Well, then, I think we can give my brother a scare."

"How can we manage that?" cried Martin; "he's like iron, is that fellow."

"Still, we can scare him. Do you remember, John, my telling of the time I spent in France with the little boy—my little son I used to call him—and how they took him away all of a sudden and I never saw him again? Well, it's struck me over and over again, suppose that little boy didn't die after all!"

"Well, he'd be no good to us that I can see of," said Martin, impatiently; "and I don't see what anybody had to gain by making believe over it."

"Why, how slow you are, John! There was two little boys—mine, as I shall call him, and hers. Mrs. Wilford's just the same age, and both regular little Wilfords. Well, suppose that the other one died?"

"Well, he'd have had a handsome funeral, and there'd have been an end of him."

"And would that have been all? would nothing more have come of it? Mrs. Wilford was getting on in years, and not likely to have any more children. Do you think the Squire could bear the thought of his brother Arthur coming into the property? Mind, I don't say they changed the children and so kept him out of it, but they might have done; and perhaps that's why they treated me so liberally, for the Squire was not one to part with his money if he could help it."

"Then why have you held your tongue about it all these years?" asked Martin, incredulously.

"Because I didn't see a chance of getting anything by speaking out," said Mrs. Martin, talking between half-closed teeth. "You're not the only person who can look after number one—there now!"

"Well, there may be something in it after all," said Martin; "but I don't see how we are to bring it to bear. We can't go to law with a chap like your brother. Why, he'd soon smash us to bits."

"No, but we can frighten him into paying us our legacy."

"My legacy, if you please, ma'am," interposed Martin.

"Our legacy, I say, for it will be owing to me if you get a penny of it. We can go to my brother and say, 'Dear brother, your man is not the right man at all; he is somebody else's son, and not Squire Wilford's, and we can prove it.' Then we show him our proofs. Well, he is a prudent man; and if we say to him, 'Now all we want is the thousand pounds that rightfully belong to us; secure us that, and we will keep our lips shut as to everything,'—well, I think that, even if we haven't a very clear case, Robert will give in."

"You ought to know him better than I do, ma'am," said Martin, thoughtfully, "but my impression is that he is not of a giving nature. But anyhow, how do you propose to get together the proofs of the matter? It isn't enough to have your hipsy-dixy."

"In this way, John. We'll make a little trip to France, and go to the very place where I stayed so long. There was a young doctor there then, who was called in to the English people, I remember, whilst the carriage was waiting in the courtyard of the inn. He will be there very likely still; or at all events I can find out where he is gone, if he is still in the land of the living. And then there is the *bonne* who attended to my little boy—I can find her out too; and with one thing and another we will get together enough to frighten Master Robert."

"Do you mean us both to go?" asked Martin, doubtfully, for he had not much relish for the proposed excursion.

"I'll go by myself, if you like. Perhaps it would be better. You would only be in the way, and you can stop at home and get things put straight."

Martin agreed that this was decidedly the best plan. He was not very sorry at the prospect of losing his wife again for awhile; not that he was altogether dissatisfied at their reunion, but he found matrimony a little oppressive just at first. It was arranged, therefore, that night that Mrs. Martin should proceed at once to France for the purpose of laying the foundation of the proposed inquiries.

The little town of Beauville-sur-Mer, twenty years ago had consisted merely of a few fishermen's huts scattered upon the beach, with a handful of houses lying further inland under the shelter of the hills. A modest *auberge* was sufficient for the accommodation of the few tourists and artists who were attracted thither by the lovely beauty of the surrounding scenery. A little, desolate-looking church, with a dilapidated square tower, served for the spiritual wants of the neighborhood, and was served by the cure of a neighboring commune, the town itself not being rich or important enough to require a priest of its own. The quaint timber houses that overhung the little stream that here found its way into the sea; the narrow street of shops and stalls, charmingly cool in summer, although redolent of evil smells, but like an ice-bath in the winter, when the north-east wind came howling into its throat; the little dusty market place, where the blue-bloused peasants and white-capped dames chattered and chaffered one day in the week, and which was abandoned all the rest of the week to sun, and dogs, and flies; the tiny fish-market, where they sold salted dogfish, red-herrings, and escallops; the *mairie*, a windy, wasted-looking building, a place of echoing doors and lost footsteps.

All these features of the place bore such a time-honored, changeless appearance that one could look complacently either way, and say: Here is a place that has known no change for a century, at least, and likely will endure for another century unaltered.

Certainly Mrs. Martin had not kept herself informed of the changes that time had effected in Beauville, except that a railway had been made there; but she pictured it to herself as existing just as she had last seen it. And now, as she reached it by night in an omnibus from the station, she was astonished to see the rows of gas-lamps, the lights twinkling from the heights above, and the bustle and animation in the streets.

"At which hotel would madame choose to be set down?" she was asked by the conductor of the omnibus. "The Hotel de Paris, the Hôtel de Bellevue, the Aigle d'Or,"—enumerating a whole string of hotels' names.

"Is there still existing," asked Mrs. Martin, diffidently, "the Auberge de Mercier?"

"*Ma foil* yes," said the man, with a shrug; "but it's a place for carters and peasants."

After this, Mrs. Martin could not summon up moral courage enough to be driven to the *auberge*. She chose the most unpretending-looking of the hotels at which the omnibus stopped, and, as it was early in the season, she was received with *empressement*. The experience of her earlier years had given her a sufficient stock of fluent, if not classic French, and she chattered away gaily at the *table d'hote*, where she attracted a little attention, being, according to an old gentleman with a white moustache, who was decorated with a red ribbon, the first of the English ladies to arrive at Beauville this season.

"But no," objected a young gentleman opposite; "we have already here a young and beautiful English mees, who has come, like Venus, from the bosom of the sea."

But the old gentleman had not seen the young lady, and refused to believe in her. The young man was an objectionable Republican *farceur*, probably—the decorated graybeard being himself an ardent Imperialist. The discussion waxed warm, and Mrs. Martin found herself, for the moment, the banner of a party in the State. The young man retired at last from the field—he was only a *commis voyageur*, it seemed, who was obliged to look after his samples; and the venerable Imperialist, pleased with his victory, began politely to entertain madame with his conversation. Had she ever visited Beauville before? Twenty years ago! Ah, how much the place must appear changed! For himself, he remembered the town fifty years ago, but it was now only ten years that he had come to reside here once more.

"Ah, then," suggested Mrs. Martin, "as monsieur was a resident here, he probably was acquainted with many of the inhabitants."

But he said "No." The population had changed so greatly since his youth, he was almost a stranger here.

"But you can tell me, perhaps, if the Doctor Leroux is still here."

"Ah, he was here in my time, but he is now employed by the Administration, as inspector of hospitals in Algeria."

"And Lemercier, the keeper of the *auberge*, who was so popular among the visitors?"

"Ah, he is dead these five years. It broke his heart when they built the grand hotel between him and the sea, and put in a manager from Paris. He never got over that."

A shade of disappointment crossed Mrs. Martin's face, for she had relied on the memories of these two to aid her in her scheme. What would Martin say to her if she returned just as she went, after incurring all this expense? As for the *bonne*, to find her out, under the altered circumstances of the place, was like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay.

The Imperialist lit his cigar, took his coffee, and went off to the establishment to play his nightly game of piquet.

Mrs. Martin had no intention of partaking in the evening's festivities. There was a ball going on to-night, but she had no costume in her baggage sufficiently smart for the occasion, and if she would not amuse herself she must go to bed; it was impossible to remain in the cold, deserted *salle*, where the servants were already preparing the table for the morrow's breakfasts; and as for sitting up in her own bedroom, reading or working, that was what she never had done yet, thank God, and didn't intend to begin. Still, as she disrobed herself, preparatory to climbing up into the high-piled, chilly-looking bed, she cast a retrospect of regret at the home she had just left. How pleasant to warm oneself, last thing before going to bed, by the cheerful kitchen fire. Bodley terrace, indeed, was tesselated with black beetles after nightfall, but in the new house, these midnight ravagers had not yet effected a lodgment. How fragrant the incense from the punch that John was such an adept at mixing. Yes, after all, Mrs. Martin was compelled to acknowledge that although a high position was gratifying to the feelings as long as it lasted, yet that at her time of life—not that she was old, but still she was getting over the flighty feelings of her girlhood—solid comfort was the most desirable.

In consequence of going so early to bed, Mrs. Martin found herself wide awake at an equally unseasonable hour, and she had not the happy facility of youth in getting to sleep again; all the troubles and trickeries of her life came back upon her to worry her with an indefinable prickly torment.

Gladly she saw the first gray light of dawn shining in at her window. A diligence presently came rumbling by, with great cracking of whip and ringing of bells, and the sound of it seemed to drive away all further thought of sleep. She rose and dressed herself, and determined to reconnoitre the place now in early morning, before any one was about.

At first she determined to make her way to the little farm-house on the hill, where she had lived with her young charge. It was likely that would be spared in the improvements since made. People must have milk, eggs, butter, and so on; and you can't have cows from Paris, or fowls from the Boulevard des Capucines. So the farm endures and thrives, whilst other industries pale away or go off in a too brilliant combustion, under the stimulating influence of a new and overpowering civilization.

There had been changes at the farm also; the old wooden barns with thatched roofs had been pulled down and replaced with substantial brick erections, but the dwelling-house was still unaltered, with its black-and-white chequer-work, its overhanging eaves, and general aspect of antiquity. Placed upon a rising knoll of ground, the site commanded an extensive and charming view of a vast expanse of sea and sky and varied coast, now rugged and threatening, with its fringe of savage-looking rocks, now sloping peaceably inland in broad terraces of firm white sands; but the house turned its back upon the prospect, preferring its home view of its own formal square, enclosed by barns and hedged round by wiry poplars.

It was not to the house itself, however, that Mrs. Martin held her way, but to a desolate-looking pavilion of brick with red-tiled roof, stained, weathered and linchen-covered. This had once been an appurtenance of the old seigneurial chateau of Beauville, the park of which had stretched thus far. There was nothing left of the chateau now but this pavilion; its terraces were to be seen, scored far and near on the verdant turf; and here and there a clump of trees in some distant glade retained a memory of the wide-spreading park, the sacred demesne of the lords of Beauville. But all else was gone—the very memory of their names among the people of the country. So thorough had been the victory of the peasant over the lord, that its very completeness had caused it to be almost forgotten.

This pavilion it was that had been the residence of Mrs. Martin during her stay at Beauville. It comprised a small *salon* overlooking the sea, a little kitchen, and a room that served as sleeping apartment. The place was still in substantial repair, and a board fixed against one of the sides announced that this apartment was to be let, furnished; application to be made at the house of the farm opposite.

Having completely surveyed the outside of the little house, Mrs. Martin retraced her steps to the farmhouse, and requested that she might have the key, to look over the place; she would not derange madame, who was busy making butter; she did not require a guide; she would bring back the key when she had seen the interior of the pavilion.

"It is just the same," said Mrs. Martin to herself, as she let herself in and stood in the little vestibule paved with encaustic tiles; "just the same smell about the place, too."

She pushed open the door and passed into the little *salon*, scantily furnished as to chairs and tables, but adorned with a mantleshelf in faded velvet, on which stood an elaborate ormolu clock.

Mrs. Martin threw open the windows, for the atmosphere of the room was rather stuffy, and being tired with her early walk, she drew an arm-chair to the window and sat down, looking out on the land and sea with languid interest. The flood was just making, and the ripples were coming in fast, with a soft murmur, dimpling the placid bay, and causing a gentle stir and movement everywhere. The yacht that lay anchored down below just felt the influence of the tide and began to swing lazily round; the bright sun, the sparkling sea, the mild westerly breeze that softly kissed the cheek, all gave an impression of a cheerful, joyous tranquility, only to the northwards a haze hung over the sea, and a dark cloud-bank threw out the brightness of the intermediate scene.

Soothed by the soft lapping of the waters, and the restful influence of the morning, Mrs. Martin fell into a kind of doze, and dreamt vividly, or rather seemed to have blotted out the last two decades, and fancied herself once more a permanent inmate of the little pavilion; her infant charge was engaged in some mischievous occupation—perhaps too near the cliff, or further afield than was prudent.

"Don't do it, *bebe*," she cried in her sleep; "come here directly, *bebe*."

"Precisely," said some one, speaking almost close in her ear, awakening her with a violent start; "that is the voice—I remember it now perfectly, and this is the identical cottage. Now perhaps you will say I am in a waking dream."

Mrs. Martin pushed her chair violently back, for close to the open window, looking in, were two gentlemen—one her brother, Robert Petworth, the other Westley Wilford.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WORTH OF A SON.

Mrs. Martin having retreated to the interior of the cottage, where she was out of sight of the windows, fell a trembling all over, and knew not what to do. She was afraid of her brother, knowing the violence of his temper when roused by opposition or defeat. She was afraid also of her own too complete success, and did not know how to lay the spirit she had raised. She half hoped that she had escaped recognition, and yet she had caught a gleam in her brother's eyes that made the hope a futile one. What should she do? Fasten the door against him, and make her escape through the window? Too late; a hand was already on the lock, and the door was pushed heavily open.

"Robert!" she faltered, as Petworth entered, pale with rage.

He caught her by the elbow and pushed her before him into the little kitchen, which was lighted from the roof, and had only the one entrance. Then he closed the door and put his back against it.

"Now, woman," he cried, "what do you mean by this foolery? Why do you dog me thus? Do you think to make a market of me, and squeeze me as you please? By Heaven, you're mistaken!"

"Indeed you are wrong, Robert. It is a complete accident my being here," she replied. "I left Abbotstoke when you told me, and I have come over to this place on a little business of my own."

"Then what is this comedy that you have arranged between this young fool and yourself?"

"There is no comedy, Robert. There is the finger of Providence in it. Oh, doesn't it come home to you, brother, whose boy it is who has been brought here so wonderfully? I only guessed it, dreamt it, thought it impossible; but here is confirmation sure as Holy Writ."

"Play-acting again," snarled Petworth. "Now, in a word, what brings you here; and what have you had to do with this young Wilford?"

"Twenty years ago, Robert, when I was abroad, I lived here for three years nearly; and that young man was a babe in my care."

"It is a lie!" said Petworth; "he was with his mother in Italy."

"Not that boy," said Mrs. Martin. "He is no son of the Squire's. Whose son think you? Is there no feeling warms in your heart? He is your own."

"Lie upon lie!" screamed Petworth.

"When you sold your wife for so much money down, my noble-hearted brother, did you ever think of troubling your calculating head of what became of her afterwards?"

"I know all about it," said Petworth; "the date of her death, place, and everything."

"Yes; but you did not concern yourself about the child she left behind—a boy. Yours, my good brother."

"Spare your sneers, you creature!" cried Petworth, "or by Heaven I'll not be answerable for what I do!"

"Yes, you would murder me if you could, I daresay!" cried Mrs. Martin, now thoroughly at bay; "but that would profit you nothing. The story would not die with me. Other people know it. I have a husband now, a protector; he knows it, and—"

"And is he here?" asked Petworth in a grim whisper.

"Close at hand," said Mrs. Martin, boldly; "within call."

"Oh," said Petworth, and was silent for a moment, his nether lip working convulsively. "Now explain to me how this child—of mine as you say—came to be the heir of Wilfordhurst."

He was cooler now, and seemed to have conquered his gust of passion.

"He was taken away from me suddenly by the Squire himself, when he was bringing his wife home from Italy. The other child was very ill. It must have died on the journey, and this one was substituted."

"A fine story, indeed," said Petworth and yet the expression in his face showed her he believed it. "A fine story, rehearsed, probably, in the seclusion of Bodley terrace, to give the youth another chance in life—a second inheritance."

"Robert," she said, "do you think a man with a grain of manly spirit in him would elect to be your son for all the gold of the Indies?"

"Very fine, very fine," growled Petworth; "but you may goad me too far. Well, now that you have got up this fine story, what do you expect to sell it for? Neither you nor he, ma'am, will ever profit a penny, if you prove it before all the courts in Christendom. You see that, I fancy. Well, what will you take to be silent forever?"

"How much did you have for giving up your wife, Robert?" asked his sister. "You will surely pay as much for getting rid of a son.

"You don't value your personal safety very highly when you talk like that," said Petworth. "But never mind that."

"You are brave enough to strike a woman. Strike me!" cried Mrs. Martin.

"I could have killed you just now," rejoined Petworth, "but I have thought better of it. I should be sorry to risk my neck for such a creature as you. This is a matter of business, I see. Let

us discuss it in that spirit. Do you wish your confederate to be present?"

"Call him in, if you please," replied Mrs. Martin, defiantly.

"Better not, perhaps, eh?" said Petworth, coolly. "The scene might prove too affecting. Stay a moment, I'll get rid of him."

Petworth opened the door and went out. Mrs. Martin, with a sigh of relief, found herself at liberty.

"I've found an old acquaintance here, Wilford," said Petworth, with a smile, meant to be significant, "whom I want to have a little talk with. I'll join you down at the hotel directly, and we'll go on board together."

"All right," said Wilford. "Of course the voice was a coincidence. I've been asking the people here, and I find they've only been here a few years. Don't be long."

And he went off, strolling along the edge of the cliff, whistling carelessly, till he came to the footpath leading down to the town, which he descended.

As soon as he was out of sight, Mrs. Martin came out and locked the door of the pavilion.

"I am not the tenant of this house, Robert," she said, "and I think we had better have the rest of our talk in some more convenient place."

"With all my heart," said Petworth. "We'll discuss the matter as we walk to the town, if you are going that way. The thing lies in a nutshell. You have a secret you think is damaging to my interests. I am, foolishly, perhaps, willing to pay a trifle rather than it should be divulged. Now, what's your price?"

"A thousand pounds, Robert."

"Too much. It is not worth it. No, I'll rather pay you an annuity. Fifty pounds a year for your life."

"That would not suit us, Robert. The fact is, my husband——"

"Who is he, pray?"

"Mr. Martin."

"Oh, you have come together again, after all. Well, upon my word, I think it was the best thing you could do. By the way, he is here somewhere, is he not?"

"No; he is in England. I thought it better he should be within call just now, Robert," said Mrs. Martin, significantly. "Well, Martin has a legacy of a thousand pounds in Mr. Arthur Wilford's will. Now, it seems that he is likely to lose that, because young Westley is to have everything."

"Oh, they've found that out, then, have they?" said Petworth.

"And so, instead of the thousand pounds coming to us, it will go to you."

"Ah! I see," said Petworth; "that's the secret spring, then, which has been working against me. Well, perhaps that's fair enough. You want me to guarantee your getting the thousand pounds?"

Mrs. Marsh made a gesture of assent.

"Very well; I'll do it. I daresay it will all come out of my pocket, but I'll do it. Anything else?"

"Fifty pounds for expenses out of pocket."

"Very well; I agree to that, too. Anything else?"

"Nothing for us. Of course, the wedding with Olivia must be put a stop to."

"Yes; I can see that," said Petworth, slowly. "Yes, all that's at an end. Well, I'll give you the fifty pounds now—you've earned it pretty well, I must say—and my lawyer shall see to the rest. You can call at my chambers in a little time, and everything shall be ready. And now farewell, my sweet sister. My boat is on the shore, and my bark is on the sea."

And he went away humming to himself.

"He's got a heart like the nether millstone, my brother," said Mrs. Martin.

She watched him as he marched gaily down to the beach, and saw him, after a few moments' delay in launching the boat, quickly borne over the waters to the yacht.

But Petworth, notwithstanding his apparent unconcern, was not a little moved by what he had just heard. He was angry with himself, too, and a good deal horrified at his recent outburst of temper. He had felt for the moment like a murderer, and the thought of the abyss that had thus opened out beneath him filled him with secret terror. All the results of a long life of persistent scheming had been for the instant at stake; he had stood with a halter round his neck, and he shuddered at the risk he had run.

"What safety is there for a man," he said to himself, "when a short paroxysm of passion can bring him down to irretrievable misery and disgrace?"

But as to what he had done in bribing his sister to silence he felt no compunction.

"A son," he muttered to himself, as he paced the deck. He had sent the boat ashore with Westley's luggage and a letter to be delivered at the hotel they had made their temporary headquarters, and had given the master orders to make sail as soon as they had got the boat on board again. "A son," he muttered. "Yes, a son to take one's place, to carry on one's plans, to keep the property together, to be a prop to one's age, that's well enough, but a son that in his heart would despise his father—— You think I don't see it," cried Petworth, shaking his fist towards the shore; "but although I rose from nothing, I have as much insight as my betters. Yes! if there is one thing that makes me regret having hushed up this matter, it is that he will come in eventually for some rag of the property. No, I can't swallow it all; there will be something over and above, and he will get it. It would be famous now to claim him as my son, strip him of his name and rights, and leave him without a shilling to beg his way along the high road. But I couldn't afford it. No, no; sixty—seventy thousand pounds I shall clear out of this estate, and I must have it. And now for Olivia. I must make some excuse for Wilford's not coming back, and break the true state of affairs to her gradually. She shall have a brighter-plumaged bird by and by, smarter than that fool, and she will soon be reconciled."

"Are you not coming down to breakfast, papa?" said Olivia, appearing at the companion-ladder; "and where is Westley?"

"I'm coming directly, dear; and as for Wilford, he's had a telegram or something, and I'm afraid he won't join us just yet. We must try and do without him for awhile."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A new story next week by MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED."

A BOX OF DIAMONDS.

BY ALFRED A. GEARY.

I had been knocking about a good deal in South America, and shipped as doctor on board an old tub of a trader, leaving Rio de Janeiro, homeward bound for Bristol, with a cargo and a couple of cabin passengers.

The Good Hope was commanded by Captain McFarlane, a hard-headed old Scotchman. John Williamson, first mate, and a crew of thirteen hands, all told, made up of Englishmen, Dutchmen, Swedes, and a couple of negroes, one of whom was the steward's mate.

We sailed on the fourteenth of December, a blazing hot day, with scarcely a breath of wind to fill the sails; but the captain was anxious to get away, as yellow-jack was in port, and he had no mind to keep knocking his heels in quarantine longer than he could help. We had, however, hardly got clear of Raza Island, when a breeze sprang up, and we were soon bowling along as fast as the old ship could be made to step along—all studding sails set, and so far, a clean bill of health on board.

On the twenty-first, however, I was sitting forward, getting a breath of fresh air and smoking my pipe, when Pete, the steward's mate, came up and summoned me aft, to see one of our two cabin passengers, Mr. William Grierson, who had been very unwell during the night, and began to be afraid that he was in for a touch of the fever.

I went aft and saw him, but there did not appear to be any very alarming symptoms just at present, so I prescribed some cooling medicine, and left him.

He was worse, however, next day and the next, yet it was not a case of yellow fever, and there was something in the symptoms that I am not ashamed to say, fairly baffled me. On the twenty-fourth he was so much worse that I began to be seriously alarmed, and communicated my fears to the captain.

"It is not yellow fever, of that I am sure."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, to tell truth, I can hardly say. Nothing that I can administer seems to do him any good, and he is evidently sinking rapidly."

"Humph!" said the captain. "Mysterious, to say the least of it. Does he know of his condition?"

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of Pete, who informed us that Mr. Grierson had been seized with a sudden and alarming access of pain, and was apparently dying, adding that the patient wished to see me at once and alone. In obedience to the summons, I went below, and having shut the cabin door and administered the necessary remedies, asked the dying man—for there could be little doubt that he was dying—the reason for his wishing to see me.

"I wish to see you because I feel that I am dying and I can put off no longer what I wish to say, if it is to be said at all," responded the patient. "Fetch me that box from off the top of my sea-chest, and listen."

I brought it—a small, oblong, mahogany box, and laid it by his side upon the coverlet, and Mr. Grierson, laying his hand upon it, and at the *same time* detaching a key from a string by which it was suspended round his neck, with which his fingers played nervously during his recital, continued:

"I am a murderer. Aye, you may start and think, perhaps, that my mind is wandering, but it is the truth. Twenty-five years ago—twenty-five years of misery—I committed the deed which I am now, in the presence of my Maker, about to confess.

"I was clerk in a banking house in London, and the facilities and opportunities for peculation offered me were too much for me to withstand, but circumstances occurred which convinced me that discovery could hardly be much longer delayed, and I was casting about how to make my escape while there was yet time.

"Just at this juncture, one of the senior clerks had to be sent down to Bristol in charge of a very large sum of money in gold, and I was deputed to accompany him to guard the treasure. In those times, matters were differently conducted from what they are in the present day, and we had to take the money in a box, strongly secured and sealed, with us by the mail-coach, which started from one of the old inns in the city, for the west of England.

"There was a sum of two thousand guineas in the box, and the idea suggested itself to my mind that if I could become master of such a sum, I could get clear away by some ship leaving Bristol for foreign parts, before the bank could become aware of the fact of my escape. But how to get rid of my companion.

Briefly, for I feel my strength sinking, and I must hurry forward to the end of what I have to tell you. I procured poison, which I poured into the leathern bottle in which I carried my refreshment on the road, and watching my opportunity, offered it to him to drink. He sank in a corner of the coach, and in a few minutes was a corpse.

"Emptying the remaining contents of the bottle out of the window, and placing the dead man in such an attitude as would naturally lead people to suppose he had died in his sleep, I hailed the guard with every simulation of trepidation, and stopped the coach. The outside passengers got down, and a scene of great excitement occurred.

"At the next village, the local doctor, who, as it happened, was a man of no great skill, was sent for, and dexterously insinuating to him that I had known my companion to have suffered from heart-disease of some years' standing, with many compliments to the professional acumen of the doctor himself, that worthy was not long in pronouncing it a case of sudden death from disease of the heart; and I was suffered, in view of my representations as to the urgency of my mission to Bristol, to proceed on my journey.

"This is the bare outline of my crime; the details would only weary you, and my time is short. I succeeded in leaving England and reaching Brazil, where I have amassed a fortune. That fortune is within the box which lies beneath my hand."

He paused, for a violent spasm seized him, and it was not for some time that I could recover him sufficiently to enable him to proceed.

Raising himself in bed with difficulty, he unlocked the box, and disclosed an array of unset diamonds, whose brilliancy fairly dazzled me.

"Here are fifty thousand pounds worth of diamonds," proceeded Mr. Grierson. "I have converted all my fortune into these gems, and these I intend to entrust to your care. Take this box at once to your own cabin, and return to me for instructions as to the disposal of the contents."

I hesitated, but he was imperative.

"Not a word—I am dying fast, and I implore you to accede to my last request."

I took the box, locked it, and left the cabin.

As I opened the door I ran up against Pete.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"Nothing, massa."

I passed on along the main deck towards my own cabin forward, and on my way I met Captain McFarlane.

"How is your patient, Doctor?"

"Dying, I fear. He cannot last long."

I passed on, and depositing the box in a place of safety, returned. Grierson was rapidly sinking, and in a few broken sentences he instructed me as to the disposal of his property. £10,000 was to go to the bankers, Messrs. Holt & Wardley, of Lombard street, and the balance to the family of the murdered man, whose name was given me, and whose representative I pledged my word to do my best to discover.

Finally, binding me over not to disclose what I had just been told, except to the parties named by him in his dying bequest, Grierson relapsed into a state of partial insensibility, from which I in vain attempted to rouse him, and before half an hour had elapsed the unhappy man was no more.

Going on deck, I communicated the news to the captain, who gave the necessary directions as to the funeral, which took place next day; and once more we were ploughing our way through the blue water as if nothing had happened.

I was an altered man. The strange commission with which I had been entrusted weighed on my mind. Over and over again in the stillness of the night I opened the box of diamonds, and gazed on the brilliancy of the gems. What proof was there that they were not mine; the box with its brass plate bearing the owner's name could be destroyed in a moment, and then—over and over again the devil whispered to me, but, thank God, I resisted the temptation. I would fulfill the trust confided to me, and prayed fervently for the strength to resist the evil promptings of my baser self.

One day I sat alone, the box unlocked on my table, gazing with an irrepressible curiosity, which I was unable to control, on the jewels which scintillated with a devilish lustre before my dazed vision. The door suddenly opened, and Captain McFarlane entered.

"I beg your pardon, doctor, didn't know you were engaged;" but before I could close the box or reply his eye had caught the shimmer of the brilliants.

"Hallo! what's here?"

With a firm hand he closed the lid and read the name upon the plate. Innocent as I was, involuntarily stung by the remembrance of what my thoughts had been but a moment before, I quailed before his eye.

"I know all now—that man was poisoned—consider yourself my prisoner."

I endeavored to explain. I told everything as it had occurred, and I appealed to the captain to believe the story, or at least to await its reasonable confirmation, before acting on his rash conclusion. He was incredulous. One concession I obtained, and that was, that all should be kept secret till our arrival in port, and that I should not be publicly branded as a suspected murderer before the crew.

A fortnight passed, a weary fortnight, during which I repeatedly endeavored to shake the conclusion at which Captain McFarlane had so hastily arrived. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the captain fell sick. He was suffering from a low fever. I begged him to accept my services.

"Never; you shall not poison me too."

Days passed, and the captain got worse and worse; he babbled in his delirium of poison, of stolen jewels; and night and day I watched at his bedside, jealously excluding everybody who might perchance overhear his ravings and rise up in judgment against me.

One day the crisis came. A few hours would determine all. If he died I was once more a free man, free from the imputation of a foul crime, free to carry out my honest intention of fulfilling the dead man's wishes, but also free from the dread of exposure which to me would be worse, as a bare suspicion, than death itself.

If the captain could but sleep, his life would be saved. How easy to make that sleep his last—the devil was at my elbow, the laudanum bottle in my hand. But at my sorest need the strength to resist was given to me. I poured out the proper dose, and advanced towards the cot in which the captain lay. A strange light was in his eyes. Rising suddenly, and throwing the bedclothes off his tall, lean, sinewy form, he half leaped from the bed, and seizing the box of diamonds, which he had throughout his illness never allowed from beneath his pillow, in one hand, he shrieked:

"Never, never! will you allow me to be poisoned like a dog! Help! some of you."

The effort was too much, and clasping the box to his bosom, he fell back on his pillow—a convulsive shudder passed over his frame—he was dead.

I don't pretend to analyse my feelings at that moment. My reason well-nigh deserted me. I did not stop to think of the possible consequences. Snatching the box from the relaxing grasp of the corpse, I rushed from the cabin and fell over Pete, the negro, who was just outside.

"See to the captain. He is dead"—and I sped onwards; but the powerful negro had his hand upon my arm.

"Massa Doctor not go so quick—Massa Grierson dead, Cap'n die too—Doctor got his box of jewels. Give up dat box!" and the negro seized me in his grasp and struggled with me for the possession of the box.

At that moment the strength of a lion was in me. I wrestled with my assailant, and freeing myself from his grasp made for the companion stairs. I had reached the deck, with what intention I knew not, but Pete was again with me, wrestling with the strength of a demon for the possession of the prize.

The ship was rolling heavily in a dead calm, and as we fell together we slid across the deck towards the lee scuppers. With a superhuman effort I freed my right arm, and with all my force threw the box over the quarterdeck railings. It flew open as it fell into the sea, and in the moonlight the diamonds fell like a shower of falling stars into the black water.

The negro, seeing my movement, left his hold of me, and sprang forward to catch the box as it fell. A heavy lurch, and I was alone on the deck.

The rapidity with which everything had taken place seemed to have stunned me, and deprived me of the power to utter even one cry for help. When I recovered myself, it was too late—Pete and the diamonds were gone forever.

I looked round—the deck was deserted, save by the man at the wheel, who, half hidden by the wheel-house, had not seen the struggle.

Can I be blamed? I held my tongue. The captain was buried at dawn, and the chief officer took command of the ship. It was clear that Pete must have fallen overboard, and no one suspected the share I had had in the catastrophe.

In due time we arrived at Bristol, and for my own satisfaction I instituted the necessary inquiries as to the individuals named by the man Grierson. The bank had long since ceased to exist. I traced some vague rumor of a man having died suddenly in a stagecoach while passing through an obscure village in Somersetshire, but could never obtain any clue to his representatives. It was perhaps as well that I failed. I am still a poor man, but I would rather die so than accept the possibility of becoming rich at the terrible risk which attended the unlucky bequest of The Box of Diamonds.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED."

OLD BLUE-BEARD.

BY LOUIE BROWN.

Mr. Ecclesdale thought he had the sweetest and most charming little wife in the world.

Harmon Ecclesdale was a rich old bachelor when he met Catherine Felton for the first time.

It was all the merest succession of chances in the world, as such things so often are.

Mr. Ecclesdale was having his photograph taken, to send to an eccentric old uncle, half way across the world somewhere.

Miss Felton was the young lady who colored photographs for Messrs. Camera, Obscura and Co.

He caught just the least glimpse in the world of Miss Felton in her studio, and fell hopelessly, completely, irrevocably in love.

Catherine Felton was none of your majestic, Joan-of-Arc beauties—only a little dimpled, pink-faced thing, with yellow fluffy hair, deep blue eyes, and a smiling mouth, for all the world like a china shepherdess.

The idea of her earning her own living seemed perfectly absurd and out of the question.

She was that very sort of person who ought to be hung with jewels, set upon a satin cushion, and fed with a gold spoon.

And Harmon Ecclesdale treated her accordingly.

The little photograph colorer found herself the mistress of a handsome house, where the profusion of fresco, gilding, etc., nearly bewildered her, with more silk dresses than she could count, and nothing to do all day long but to practice on the grand new piano that stood in the front drawing-room, and read the brilliantly-bound books in the Russian leather-smelling library.

As for Mr. Ecclesdale himself, he looked at his pretty little wife with the utmost satisfaction.

"Are you quite sure, darling," said he, "that you never had any lovers before I came along?"

"Quite sure, love," said Mrs. Ecclesdale—and Harmon believed her.

"I dare say I'm an old fool," said he to himself; "but there's something so true and honest in those blue eyes of hers, that I couldn't doubt her if I would! No, no, I think she has never had any sweethearts but me!"

And in that consciousness Mr. Ecclesdale hugged himself.

Old Joe Jenkinson, his partner, who believed in nothing and nobody, elevated his purple bottle-nose at Ecclesdale's folly.

"No fool like an old fool," said he. "As if any woman of the lot of 'em was to be depended on. Pshaw! It ain't in human nature. Some day you'll wake up to the fact that you've been egregiously deluded all along!"

"I'll risk it," said Ecclesdale, with a calm confidence that made Jenkinson more indignant than ever.

"'Still waters run deep,'" quoted Jenkinson. "And mark my words, you will find that your piece of pink-and-white perfection is no better than other folks, one of these days."

Now Ecclesdale knew Jenkinson perfectly well, and understood just how much weight might be attached to his words, but, for all that, they made him a little uncomfortable, and he wished that Jenkinson had seen fit to hold his carping tongue.

He went home, trusting in the magic of Catherine's sapphire-blue eyes to charm away the evil spirit in his heart—but Catherine was not at home.

"She didn't expect you back from the office so early, sir," said the servant-girl. "She received a letter by post, and went out."

"A letter! A letter from whom?" asked Mr. Ecclesdale.

"I don't know, sir," said the girl discreetly.

Catherine had no correspondents except her mother, and Mr. Ecclesdale wondered what this could possibly mean. He went moodily up to his wife's dressing-room; there on the sofa, lay the blue silk morning dress she had just thrown off, and out of one of its dainty little pockets peeped—a letter.

Mr. Ecclesdale was human, and he couldn't resist the temptation of taking out that letter and looking at it.

"I dare say it is some milliner's bill," said he, half aloud.

But it wasn't. It was nothing of the sort. It was a half sheet of foolscap paper doubled, and scribbled over in a huge masculine hand.

"DARLING KITTY:—Just come to town. Meet me at the old place. How is old Bluebeard?

"Affectionately, your own

"Monday, 10 A. M, "TOM."

Mr. Ecclesdale dropped the letter as if it had been a hornet that had stung him. Then, scarcely believing his own senses, he picked it up again and read it through a second time.

"Who the mischief is Tom?" he asked himself. "And what does he mean by calling my wife his 'Darling Kitty?' And is it possible that old 'Bluebeard' means me?"

He sat down on the sofa, stunned as it were, and dazed. "Old Bluebeard," and "Darling Kitty," and "Your own Tom," seemed to dance before his vision in a weird, whirling confusion. And then tears gushed up to his eyes—tears, salter and more bitter than the waters of the Dead Sea.

He had such faith in blue-eyed Catherine! He had reposed in her such implicit confidence, that now that the corner-stone of the edifice of all this faith was torn away, it seemed as if the whole universe was toppling around him.

"I'll send her home to her mother," said he, hoarsely. "I'll break up housekeeping and go to Europe. What does it matter where or how I live, if I have no little Catherine?"

And then he remembered old Jenkinson's croaking prophecies, and pictured to himself old Jenkinson's exultations in their speedy realizations.

"Confound the fellow!" thought he, involuntarily clenching his hand, "how shall I ever face him after this?"

And Ecclesdale sat down and let his head sink on his hands. He felt like one who has received a mortal blow, and is bleeding silently to death with slow, unintermitting pangs.

Little Catherine was false, and the whole world had lost its charm.

"Harmon! dear Harmon! what is the matter?"

It was Catherine herself, flushed and pretty, in her seal-skin jacket and garnet-colored silk dress.

He started up and looked her in the face, with bloodshot eyes.

"Catherine, where have you been?"

"Out in the pony-phaeton, driving Cousin Kitty Bradley's little girls, through the Park," she answered, frankly, and without the least hesitation.

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I?" said Catherine, with round blue eyes of innocent wonder. "I had an appointment to go with Cousin Kitty herself, but her brother Tom—poor Tom, he's the black sheep of the family, and always under a cloud—came to the city suddenly and wanted to see her. Kitty sent me his note, with her letter of excuse, and I put it in my pocket to—why, where is it?"

And Catherine felt in all her little succession of pockets with a bewildered sort of air.

Mr. Ecclesdale jumped up, feeling as if a hundred tons' weight was lifted off his heart.

"Then this letter wasn't written to you?" producing the missing document.

"To me? of course not. Oh, Harmon, did you think——"

"My darling," said Ecclesdale, "I was a fool. And who," following up the lines with his forefinger, "was 'Old Bluebeard?'"

"That's Cousin Kitty's big Newfoundland dog, that used to be poor Tom's pet," said Catherine. "You saw him the last time we were at Mr. Bradley's?"

Mr. Ecclesdale burst out laughing.

"Kiss me, dear," said he. "I thought 'Old Bluebeard' meant me. Ha, ha, ha!"

And old Jenkinson had no opportunity of exulting, after all.

WORKMEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

The *Scientific American* makes some good suggestions to employers and to workmen's societies, about means to be taken to secure visits of practical workmen to the Centennial Exhibition. It is certainly desirable that workmen should visit the exhibition and examine the articles and the machinery made by other hands; thus thought will be stimulated, and the exhibition be made to contribute to the cause of industrial education. The *Scientific American* suggests that working men's societies take some measures for securing to their members cheap lodging places while they visit this city, and that employers make arrangements to allow all their hands an opportunity to visit the exhibition. If exhibited machinery requires attendance the men in the exhibitor's manufactory might relieve each other in turn as attendants, without great expense to their employer. Where leave of absence cannot be granted to all workmen, prizes of a holiday, with tickets for railway fare and lodging, might be offered to one or two men in each department as a reward for attention to duty, and the visiting workmen be required to report to their fellow-workmen whatever they had found of interest. It seems to be generally admitted that England's workmen derived great benefit from the first international exhibition—that of 1851—and American employers and workmen should be prepared to learn as much as possible from our Centennial display. As to the matter of lodgings at moderate rates, the *Scientific American* may assure its artisan readers that here, if anywhere in the world, working men can secure good, respectable, comfortable, and desirable lodgings and board at moderate rates, for all that may come—unless they come in armies more than a hundred thousand strong in one day.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

CONVERSATIONAL power is a gift of birth. It is some men's nature to talk. Words flow out incessantly, like drops from a spring in the hillside—not because they are solicited, but because pushed out by an inward force that will not let them lie still. We have known persons whose tongue ran from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same. One sentence ran into another as continuously as one link in an endless chain took hold of another link. We always marvel whether they do not wake up of nights and have a good talk all by themselves, just for the relief it would give them. From this extreme there is every degree of modification till we come to the opposite extreme, in which men seem almost unable, certainly unwilling, to utter their thoughts. Some men are poor in simple language. They have thoughts enough, but the symbols of thought, words, refuse to present themselves, or come slowly and stingily. Others are silent from the stricture of secretiveness. Others are cautious, and look before they speak, and before they are ready the occasion has passed. Cautious men are very apt to be slow and involved in their speech, their sentences having many limitations, and containing additions, and finally coming out so vaguely that one cannot exactly tell what they do mean.

DODGING THE SERMON.—It is well known that in olden times the church services were very much longer than they are at present, especially the sermon. In many old pulpits in England is still to be seen the stand for the hour-glass, by which the length of the sermon was measured, and it was not uncommon for this to be turned once, at least, so that the preaching continued two hours. We are ready to ask how the people of those days could sit still in their high-backed, uncomfortable pews and—in winter—freezing churches, to listen to such long harangues. The solution of the mystery is probably this: they did not sit still. Some, doubtless, went to sleep, and were quite content to take their rest, but others went out of the church occasionally for a smoke and a chat. At Bilbury, in England, the esquire of the parish regularly withdrew after the text, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing. In Iceland the same custom still prevails in the Lutheran churches, where the men rarely sit to the end of the service, though altogether only two hours long, but drop out at intervals, and return, not in the odor of sanctity, but of tobacco. It is certainly better to have shorter services and more reverence.

HOW THE AGE AFFECTS US.—All agree that this is a wonderful age. Without having a very clear and definite idea as to its wonderfulness, most people feel that the world is going on at a rapid rate, and that life is crowded with excitements. They see enough to satisfy themselves that many get rich rapidly, that many go to ruin post-haste, and that everybody is living at a much higher temperature than before. The thoughtful few look deeper into the heart of things, and, with conflicting feelings, stand perplexed before the growing anomalies of the times. New forces strike their imagination. On every side energies well nigh superhuman are rushing into forms and shapes that defy calculation as to future results. To all such the problem of good and evil is more than ever beyond human solution. The inspiration, whatever be its course, is certainly intense. Men are battling with nature, with chance and fortune, as they never battled before; and verily their powers grow mightier with the strife. And as to the degree and extent of this inspiration, its amount of excitable and diffusive force, we may truthfully speak of it as sudden and startling.

AGRICULTURAL.

TAKE good papers and read them.

THE mild, wet weather this winter has spoiled much corn in the West.

THE most beautiful of all hot-house plants, the camelia, grows wild in the hedges of Japan.

MICHIGAN appropriated $1,000 to represent the State at the Centennial Exposition. Half of this is to be used in making a display of fruits.

GENERAL SHERMAN says there are 4,000,000 of people loafing around cities who ought to be scratching the Western prairies for an honest living.

THE cause of streaked butter is the imperfect working of the butter after it is salted. Salt in butter sets the color, or deepens and brightens it; so if the salt is worked into the butter and not so fully worked as to salt every part, then the fresh butter retains the color it had when it came from the churn, and the salted butter grows so much darker that it is decidedly streaked. The remedy is to work the streaked butter more thoroughly.

AN English farmer accidentally dropped a grain of wheat among some seeds he was sowing in his garden, and having a curiosity to protect it, gave it every chance to come to perfection. The result was 63 heads (40 very large), containing 3,044 counted kernels not including some picked away by an enterprising hen. He leaves readers to draw their own conclusions, only adding that, as the result of frequent investigation, he never found more than 25 ears to one root growing in his fields.

KICKING COWS.—A correspondent says, after trying many methods for breaking cows of the habit of kicking, he employed successfully the one described below; adding that some of his neighbors have proved its efficacy as a preventive. He says: "When the cow kicks, catch the foot in the hand and draw it close to the cow's body, holding it there until she settles back on you, then let go of it. After several vain attempts at kicking, the cow, finding herself caught in her own trap, is very careful how she takes up her foot while milking, and much more how she puts it down."

MATERIALS FOR MANURE.—Every farmer has within his control abundance of material worth as much as the droppings of his cattle, which, if gathered and mingled with the more easily decomposed matter, will furnish for his crops food of the richest description. Of these, the first in importance is forest leaves. These rapidly decay and contain a much larger proportion of the most valuable fertilizers than the wood. While the dry wood contains from one-tenth of a pound to four pounds in the hundred of potash, dry leaves and young twigs contain from half a pound up to ten pounds of potash in the hundred. Almost exactly the same relative proportion holds good in regard to the phosphoric acid contained in these substances. A hundred pounds of leaves of the mixed forest growths common in the United States will yield nearly two pounds of this most indispensable fertilizer.

EARLY GROUND.—A great advantage in every farm and garden is to have some piece of early land. If land freezes deep, it takes a long time to thaw out in spring and become dry enough to work, and this keeps back cropping till quite late. Indeed, it is often two or three weeks after the weather would really permit of planting before it often can be done, simply because the land is too wet or too cold to let it be proper to be done. Many have sloping pieces of ground, that lay well to the sun, which gives them all this advantage. Water runs off easily, and the sun by day warms the surface so that the frost cannot penetrate very deeply, so that it soon thaws out in the spring, and is soon dry and warm enough to plant. But those who have not this advantage of rolling surface, but to whom a little patch of extra early ground is of great use, have to take some pains to get it. One thing is worth remembering, namely: that the deeper the ground freezes the longer it is in thawing in spring, and that the wetter it is the deeper it freezes; so that to drain the land so that water will run easily away, either over the surface or through the subsoil, is one of the best methods of increasing its early capacity for work. Many take out their manure in the winter when the ground is frozen and there is little else to do, and spread it in advance for spring. This does very well when earliness is not of much moment, but otherwise it is a drawback. If ground frozen be covered, the rays of the sun have little effect on thawing, and we have to wait for the warm rains to struggle through and soften down the whole. If covered before frost, it prevents its penetrating deeply; but then it keeps back rapid thawing. Nothing is either gained or lost therefore so far as the sun is concerned; but if warm rains come, there is a gain in the earliness of such ground. If only a small piece for vegetables in a garden be desired to be very early, and there are but few in which such a tract be not very desirable, a good plan is to cover with strawy manure early, before the frost gets in, and then rake off early in the spring. A little care of this kind makes a couple of weeks difference in many cases, and this is worth looking for.

—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ONE COLD IS SOMETIMES CONTRACTED ON TOP OF ANOTHER, the accompanying Cough becoming settled and confirmed, and the Lungs so strained and racked, that the production of tubercles frequently follows. Many existing cases of Pulmonary Disease may be thus accounted for, and yet how many others are now carelessly allowing themselves to drift through the preliminary symptoms, controlled by the fatal policy of allowing a Cold to take care of itself! On the first intimation of a Cough or Cold, or any Throat or Lung trouble, resort promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe curative of long-established reputation, and you may avoid the consequences of such dangerous trifling.

MAKING MONEY.

PRINTING AND COUNTING GREENBACKS—HOW THE MILL GRINDS.

The general public, while capable of recognizing any flaws in the impress of bank notes or fractional currency, knows very little of the care exercised by the government in protecting itself against their fraudulent issue, or of the many safeguards thrown around the various stages which greenbacks undergo before they are placed in circulation.

Every possible contingency is so surrounded by strict enactments, and so much red tape is necessary, that the expense of printing treasury notes is enormous.

In the first place, the manufacture of the peculiar paper used is supervised by government inspectors, against whose integrity numberless checks and counterchecks have been devised, and are strictly enforced.

In the next stage—printing the backs of notes—the closest supervision is exercised, and the strictest account required. For instance, in printing the backs of fifty-cent notes, which work is done by the Philadelphia Bank Note Company, in the United States Appraisers' building, Second street above Walnut, the sheets are counted at least eight times, and a register is kept of each count.

In this establishment, over forty presses are continually employed in printing the backs of notes required to replace a worn-out currency. The paper is received in sheets of sufficient size to take an impression from plates on which sixteen engravings of the note have been made. The number sent in the package from the paper factory is not stated, as the box is sealed with the government stamp. A return is made by the party furnishing and the party receiving the paper, of the exact amount without the knowledge of each other's count, so that the possibility of any fraud upon the treasury is prevented.

As soon as each sheet is accounted for, the paper is sent into the wetting-room. The chief of that department, before he acknowledges the receipt of any package, requires that the number of sheets be ascertained by one of his assistants.

After the paper has undergone the soaking process, it is again inspected, and an account opened with each printer, who, in turn, must furnish a receipt for every sheet thus given him.

Then on a hand-press, with a girl adjusting the sheet to the plate and to the press, the printer strikes off the impressions one by one, until one hundred have been printed. The sheets are then transferred to the drying department, and again counted; racks are arranged in a warm room, so as to expedite this work, and in a few hours, the sheets are taken to the counting-room, being twice counted in the change.

They are then returned to the superintendent of the printing department, under whose management all these intricate details have been followed out, and the notes packed up for shipment to Washington, where the face is printed and the seal of the United States Treasury affixed.

It is, therefore, safe to calculate that before a fifty cent note reaches the public, it will have been counted at least twenty-two times. So it is with all the currency afloat.

The appliances for carrying on this work must be complete, and nothing but the best of workmanship is allowed by the government in printing the circulating medium. The designing and engraving rooms, with their delicate machinery and skilled labor, are marvels; and the system of checks employed throughout the various branches is such as to render the consummation of any frauds upon the company or the government an utter impossibility.

CENTENNIAL RAILWAY ACCOMODATIONS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has already made all necessary preparations in locomotives and new passenger cars—"rolling stock," as they call it—to accommodate the Centennial traffic, and now it is about erecting an extensive passenger depot in Philadelphia, to accommodate the expected greatly increased travel. The building will be on Elm Avenue, near the intersection with Belmont Avenue.

It is to be one story high, with four ornamental towers, and to be built of wood. The general waiting-room will be one hundred by one hundred and thirty feet, the ticket-office, forty by thirty feet, the ladies' waiting-room, eighty-one by one hundred feet, and the baggage-room, forty-nine by one hundred feet. There will be three platforms, built in a semi-circle one thousand six hundred and fifty feet in length. When the trains arrive, the engineers will see by a signal which track is clear, and will pull up to the proper platform.

The passengers will disperse without entering the depot; but for departing trains, every one must pass through the depot. On one side of the depot will be a porch, divided by a great fence. Passengers for New York will pass out on one side of the fence to their trains, and the passengers for Washington on the other, the passengers over the main line to go out at the front of the depot. This will prevent strangers from taking wrong trains, as the fences are continued over the platform. This vast but temporary building will be completed by the first of May.

The Early Stages of Disease.

Those conditions of the body in which its functions are not performed with healthful activity, but sluggishly and irregularly, are in fact the early stages of disease. They are, moreover, almost invariably the result of local or general weakness, which can only be permanently overcome by an efficient tonic. There is no medical fact more clearly established than that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are admirably adapted to infuse vigor into the debilitated system, and to restore regularity to its interrupted functions. As weakness and irregularity are sure to develop into disease, the Bitters, by overcoming them, are the means of averting far more serious evils. Debility most frequently manifests itself in the organs of digestion and evacuation, two important offices, whose vigorous performance is insured by the Bitters, which also rectify weakness or irregularity of the bladder or kidneys, and fortify the system against malaria.

MESSRS. JOHN R. & A. MURDOCH, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen, will mail, to all who so order, their different elegant catalogues—No. 2, Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, Roses, etc., No. 3, Descriptive Catalogue of choice Vegetable and Flower Seeds, and No. 4, Descriptive of Trees, Shrubs, Small Fruits, etc. Their stock is of the very best, and the long standing of the firm (26 years) is a guarantee of satisfaction to their patrons.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use "Brown's *Bronchial Troches*," having proved their efficiency by a test of many years.

THE WESTMINSTER OF NEW YORK.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 15th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

PROFESSOR ASHER'S Select Dancing Academy, southwest corner Twelfth and Chestnut streets, entrance on Twelfth street. All the new and fashionable dances taught. Ladies' and Gentlemen's class Tuesday and Friday evenings; Misses' and Master's Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Private lessons singly or in classes at any hour to suit own convenience. Boston and Glide taught correctly in five lessons. Applications from private residences, schools, seminaries, etc., will at all times receive prompt attention. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it can receive instructions separately, in private class or at their residences. For terms, circulars, etc., apply or address Prof. Asher, Twelfth and Chestnut Streets.

HAPPINESS AT HOME.—This essential requisite in the preservation of our domestic felicity can only be attained by a fortunate combination of circumstances. At times the only thing lacking to complete this charmed circle cannot be obtained, such as greater wealth, or better health. The former must be warily, and the latter eagerly, sought after. With health we can always in time secure a competency. The great health destroyer is Rheumatism, and the only scientific cure is that of Dr. F. J. Griffen & Co., 114 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Write and send stamp for circular, explaining your symptoms, and mention this paper.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with sickness, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,

32 Warren Street, New York.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY!!

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON. For the cure of weak stomach, general debility, indigestion, disease of the nervous system, constipation, acidity of the stomach, and all cases requiring a tonic.

The wine includes the most agreeable and efficient salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of Magnetic Oxide, combined with the most energetic of vegetable tonics—Yellow Peruvian Bark.

The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostration, of an efficient Salt of Iron combined with our valuable Nerve, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscular flabbiness, removes the pallor of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

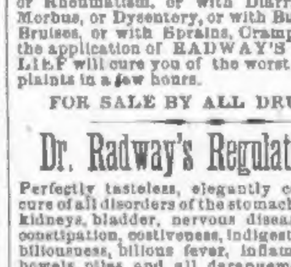
Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to build up your constitution? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to get rid of nervousness? Do you want energy? Do you want to sleep well? Do you want brisk and vigorous feelings? If you do, try Kunkel's Wine of Iron.

This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community, that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life.

I now only ask a trial of this valuable Tonic. Price $1 per bottle. E. F. KUNKEL, Sole Proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other make. Sold only in $1 bottles. All others are counterfeit, so beware of them.

Tape Worm

Entirely removed with purely vegetable medicine, passing from the system alive. No fee until the head passes. Come and refer to patients treated. Dr. E. F. KUNKEL, No. 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Advice free. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. Ask your druggist for KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. Price $1 per bottle. Send for circular.



Patronize the Triumph Truss AND *TRIUMPH* Rupture Cure.

NO. 334 BOWERY. NEW YORK.

THE TRIUMPH TRUSS CO.

ASK NO ADVANCE PAYMENT FOR CURING RUPTURES, AND OFFERS $1,000 REWARD FOR ANY CASE THEY CANNOT CURE!

They employ a First-Class Lady Surgeon. Their Chief Surgeon has had 20 years' unfailing success!

Examinations and Advice confidential and free.

Orders filled by mail. Send for descriptive pamphlet to

Dr. C. W. M. BURNHAM, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

WANTED.—Agents for Labor Reform suspender, ladies' garment suspender, and the best known inventions for supporting stockings; goods indispensable; agents are earning from $12 to over $150 per week. E. J. GREELY, 362 Washington st., Boston.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

For Pimples on the Face, Blackheads or Flesh-worms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY 49 Bond St., New York.

Address, Look Box 5246.

GRAND CHANCE FOR AGENTS.

Wife No. 19.

ANN ELIZA YOUNG'S NEW BOOK.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S REBELLIOUS WIFE [illegible] MORMONISM POLYGAMY.

[illegible] 10 to 20 every day. Hundreds are doing it, and YOU can do it. The best selling book of the year. 200 ILLUSTRATIONS. Write for Illustrated circulars to address Online. DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FLOWER SEEDS.

VEGETABLE SEEDS.

Spooner's Prize Flower Seeds.

Spooner's Boston Market Vegetable Seeds.

The cheapest and best seeds in the market. Send two 3 cent stamps for our illustrated catalogue, and see the prices.

W. H. SPOONER, Boston, Mass.

NASBY

On Inflation.

A New Comic Book by MARK TWAIN'S *only rival.*

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Retails at 25 CENTS. Full of funny engravings. AGENTS WANTED. Mail us a *quarter* for sample, or send your address on postal card. BIG SALES! Profits *immense!* BARCLAY & CO., 21 N 7th St., Philada.

WANTED AGENTS for the best selling Prize Packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package, with elegant prize, postpaid, 25 cents. This package has been examined by the publishers of the SAT. EVE. POST, and found as represented, worth the money. Circular free.

BRIDE & CO., 709 Broadway, N. Y.

ROSES. Eight Beautiful Ever-Blooming Roses, pot grown, sent safely by mail, postpaid, for $1.

SEEDS. 25 Choice Varieties of Flower Seeds sent for $1.

Catalogues of Seeds and Plants sent free to all who apply.

BENJ. A. ELLIOTT & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SAFES

MARVIN'S ARE THE BEST.

721 CHESTNUT ST.

EXTRAORDINARY.

Before investing in anything whatever, lottery, stocks, lands, etc., etc., send for one of our circulars, which will give full information FREE. Address,

TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS, 11 Wall st., N. Y.

LADIES

Who wish to make money at home, send stamp for particulars to S. HARRIS & CO., 830 Broadway, New York.

"PSYCHOMANCY, or Soul Charming."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies. A queer book. 100,000 sold. Address, T. WILLIAMS & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

DO YOU WANT MONEY Male or Female. Send your address and get something that will bring you in honorably over $150 a month sure. Inventor's Union, 173 Greenwich Street, New York.

DON'T MISS IT Your name neatly printed on 50 tinted Visiting Cards for 25 cents. Samples for 3 cent stamp. E. P. MORGAN & CO., Box 13, Buffalo, N. Y.

50 CENTENNIAL GAMES of American History on 50 cards, 75 cents. Also a new parlor game, Ten Plagues of Egypt, 50 cents. Sent by mail. Agents wanted. E. B. TREAT, 805 Broadway, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the GREAT CENTENNIAL HISTORY. 700 pages; low price; quick sales; extra terms. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., and Chicago, Ill.

PEOPLE'S MONTHLY.

WANTED—No. 3 of Vol. 1.

Fifty cents will be given for a copy of the above sent in to us.

REED, WICKERSHAM & CO.

YES YES WE WANT an agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $8 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 54 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

RUBBER INDELIBLE MARKERS, With Box, Pads and Indelible Ink. Only One Dollar.

S. J. BROWN & CO., 149 S Fourth St., Phila.

WE WILL GIVE YOU A HANDSOME SILVER WATCH!!! Address READ'S GIFT BOOK STORE, 207 North Eighth st., Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY FOR ALL.—Latest and most popular selling novelties and chromos. Address, for circulars, NATIONAL NOVELTY CO., 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$250 A MONTH—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

W. L. HAYDEN, Teacher of Guitar and Flute, Agent for Tilton's Patent Guitars; the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Strings. Catalogues and price lists free. 130 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

IN order to introduce Goods, samples American Burglar Alarm sent post paid, 10 cts CENTENNIAL NOVELTY, Phila., Pa.

NO CAPITAL REQUIRED by Agents. Business sure and profitable. For particulars address M'Clintock & Co., 823 Race st., Phila.

$3 A DAY guaranteed to reliable persons. Send stamp for particulars. RYAN & CO., 113 Vine St., Philada.

AGENTS WANTED. Salary or Commission. Address, Cowan & Co., Eighth St., New York.

FREE Sample to Agents! Needed in every family. Large profits! Send Stamp. E. MIKOLAS, New Bedford, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me

A HANDSOME and mysterious pocketbook free for stamp. Somers Co., Newark, N.J.

CHEAP READING

FOR

WINTER EVENINGS.

We have on hand back numbers of the Post containing the following excellent stories, which we shall be happy to furnish at the prices given, to any who may be in want of good reading for these long winter evenings. Besides the stories, each number of the Post is filled with miscellaneous reading matter, in the way of Sketches, Essays, Historical Articles, Illustrations, and a mass of most useful information regarding the Centennial, Agriculture, etc. The Receipts and Scientific Notes alone are worth all we ask. On receipt of price, we will mail them *postpaid* to any address.

Face to Face. By the author of "Gerald," etc. In 10 numbers. Price..... 50c.
Persecuted. By Dr. C. C. Northrop. In 6 numbers..... 20c.
Dowlah. By Orphinia R. Charnock. In 8 numbers..... 25c.
Gentleman Dick. By Capt. Clewline. In 13 numbers..... 40c.
Plighted in Peril. By Chas. Morris. In 18 numbers..... 50c.
Old Man's Darling. By Millie Carpenter. In 11 numbers..... 30c.
Guilty or Not Guilty. (A Christmas story.) By H. Watson Fleming. In 3 numbers. 10c.
For True Love's Sake. By Kett Winwood. In 13 numbers..... 40c.
Gathering to Doom. By Emerson Bennett. In 16 numbers..... 50c.
Charon, or the Red Fox. By Capt. Carnes. In 8 numbers..... 40c.
Ebony Casket. By Kett Winwood. In 13 numbers..... 40c.
Renegade Chief. By Capt. Howard. In 7 numbers..... 20c.
Hard Times. By Burr Thornbury. In 10 numbers..... 30c.
Gift From Heaven. By Pierce Egan. In 20 numbers..... 50c.
Cast Up by the Sea. By Mrs. Henry Wood. In 19 numbers..... 50c.
Through Forbidden Paths. By Ollo Stanley. In 10 numbers..... 30c.
Prairie Prince. By Buffalo Bill. In 5 numbers..... 20c.

This is the cheapest reading in the world. *The entire lot mailed, in one package, postage free,* for $2.00.

REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., Publishers.

The Great "Hard Times" Paper!

UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS

OF THE

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH,

The Largest, Handsomest, Best and Cheapest Paper of its class in the World.

The CRICKET ON THE HEARTH is a mammoth 16 page, 64-column paper (size of "Harper's Weekly"), handsomely printed, profusely illustrated and filled with the choicest reading for old and young. It contains splendid continued and short stories, sketches, poems, wit and humor, useful knowledge, valuable receipts, "Farm and Household," "Hygienic," "Popular Songs," Games, Puzzles, etc., etc. The price is

Only One Dollar a Year,

and to every subscriber is presented our new and elegant premium,

"GEMS OF AMERICAN ART,"

a mammoth portfolio containing six large and exquisite engravings. This premium was executed for us by the "Aldine Company," and the illustrations are perfect transcripts of the largest and finest that ever appeared in The Aldine. *Price of paper without premium seventy-five cents a year.*

We will also send the paper *three months on trial for only 15 cents.* Address

F. M. LUPTON & CO., Publishers, 27 Park Row, New York.

1876 WHERE NOW? 1876

To MICHIGAN, one of the foremost, flourishing and healthy States!

WHAT FOR?

To buy a FARM out of the

One Million Acres

of fine Farming Lands for Sale by the GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Strong Soils. Ready Markets. Sure Crops. Good Schools. R. R. runs through centre of grant. Settlements all along. All kinds of Products raised. Plenty of water, timber, and building materials. Price from $4 to $10 per acre; one-fourth down, balance on time. Send for illustrated pamphlet, full of facts and figures, and be convinced. Address W. A. HOWARD, Comm'r, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

P. R. L. PEIRCE, Sec'y Land Dep't.

"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINES.

Liberal Terms of Exchange for Second-hand Machines of every description.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS. The Best Patterns made. Send 5 cts. for Catalogue.

Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO. AGENTS WANTED. 30 NEW YORK.

Pleasant and Profitable EMPLOYMENT.

"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" etc. Such are the exclamations of those who see the large, elegant new Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. Every one will want them. It requires no talking to sell the pictures; they speak for themselves. Canvassers, agents and gentlemen out of employment will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 738 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Benson J. Lossing, LL.D., now ready. *The only complete history of our whole country* in one volume—over 800 pages, 450 fine engravings—the only one printed in English and German. Grand Celebration splendidly illustrated. Twice the reading of any of the ephemeral histories now publishing. *Beware of works without responsible author.* Agents Wanted! Rare chance for those seeking a first-class book. Send for full description and liberal terms to either T. BELKNAP, Hartford; H. W. KELLEY, Philadelphia; SCAMMELL & Co., Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis; W. E. BLISS, Toledo, or G. M. SMITH & Co., Boston.

This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored frontispiece with the first number. Price only 25 cents for the year. The first No. for 1876 just issued. Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden 25 cents; with cloth covers 65 cents. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

DR. WARNER'S SANITARY CORSET, with Skirt Supporter and Self-Adjusting Pads, secures health and comfort of body with grace and beauty of form. Three garments in one. Approved by all physicians. Agents wanted. Samples by mail, in London Cord, $1.75. Satteen, $1.50. Give size of waist, and state whether long or short front is desired. Address WARNER BROS., 763 Broadway, New York.

LADIES, you can have a clear complexion by using HARRISON'S PARIAN WHITE face-powder. *It is very beautifying in effect, can be used without detection, and does not rub off.* Ask your druggist for it, or send three-cent stamp for trial sample. Address HARRISON MFG. Co., 13 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ESHLEMAN & CRAIG.

SHIRTS

TO ORDER.

No. 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

First door below Girard House.

Samples and rules for Self-measurement sent free.

WANAMAKER & BROWN

MEN & BOYS CASH. ONE PRICE. GUARANTEE. RETURN PRIVILEGE.

CLOTHING

S.E. COR. 6TH & MARKET STS. PHILADA.

PRICE LIST OF **ELECTROTYPES,** of the eight Centennial Buildings and other Buildings on the Grounds.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, - $5.00
Each Building Separate.

SIZES:

11×13¾	22×13¾	5×9
$1.50	$2.00	$3.00

BUSINESS CARDS, 3×5

Bird's-Eye View of the Centennial Grounds, Engraved on Stone, and Printed in four colors, $5.00 per 1000. Printed in Black and Tint, $5.00 per 1000. Cards from the design, covered by Patent, Engraved on Steel, $9.00 per 1000.

Lithograph Copies of each Building, 22x28 $50.00 per 100. 20 per cent. discount to the Trade.

Engraving on Wood, and Lithographing to order.

LITHOGRAPH BUILDINGS A SPECIALTY.

ENGRAVING OFFICE, S. W. Cor. 7th and Market Sts. LITHOGRAPH ROOMS, Star Building, 30 & 33 S. 7th Street.

Electrotypes of all the Centennial Buildings and Bird's-Eye View of the Centennial Grounds.

Electrotypes of the Franklin Institute and other Medals.

Lithographic copies of Franklin Institute Certificates for Circulars.

LONGACRE & CO.,

Centennial Pictures,

22x28, Price by mail, $1.00 prepaid, in tubes to prevent bruising. $50.00 per 100 to Agents.

Agents Wanted

In every Town, City County and State. The only Picture showing the Buildings in proportionate sizes, embracing Bird's Eye View and map of Philadelphia, Carpenters' Hall, and Independence Hall meeting places of the first Continental and first United States Congress. Also, agents to sell Longacre & Co's Centennial cards, in colors 3¼x5¼ $7.50 per 1000 in sets comprising the eight Centennial Buildings Carpenters' Hall, Independence Hall, and the Building in which Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, now occupied by Longacre & Co. the Publishers. 25 per cent. discount on these cards to agents.

GIFT ENTERPRISE

The Only Reliable Gift Distribution in the Country!

$75,000 00

IN VALUABLE GIFTS TO BE DISTRIBUTED

Tuesday, February 22, 1876.

CAPITAL PRIZE,	$10,000	EACH
ONE PRIZE	5,000	IN
TWO PRIZES	1,000	IN
FIVE PRIZES	500	CASH.

Who number of **Cash Prizes, 1000.** Also 1000 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from $20 to $300 each; Family Sewing Machines, worth $100 each; Gold Chains, Silver-ware, Jewelry, etc., etc. Number of Gifts, 10,000. **Tickets limited to 75,000.**

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL TICKETS, to whom liberal premiums will be paid.

Single Tickets, $1; Six Tickets, $5; Twelve Tickets, $10; Twenty-five, $20.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the distribution, will be sent to anyone ordering them.

L. D. SINE, Box 132, Cincinnati, O.

Office, Excelsior Building, cor. Race and Leavenworth.

SUCCESSFUL MUSIC BOOKS.

Getze's School for Parlor Organ

It is already in the hands of 30,000 learners and players on Reed Organs, and deserves this and greater success. Contains 176 graded lessons, including nearly 50 agreeable Pieces, a dozen Songs, and 25 short voluntaries, $2.50.

Centennial Collections for Old Folks Concerts. New. 40 cents.

Shining River. The next book for your Sabbath school. 35 cents.

Bellak's Analytical Method For Pianoforte.

As the very first instruction book (for the first three months on the piano) nothing could be better. Very easy pieces, nicely fingered and graded. Does away, mostly, with the dryness and drudgery of the first quarter. In paper, 75 cents.

High School Choir. $1.00.

For High Schools, Academies, Seminaries.

Gems of English Song.

A large, elegant collection of Choice Songs, with Piano or Reed Organ accompaniment. 232 pages, sheet music size. $2.50 in boards; $3.00 in cloth.

All books mailed, post free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

C. H. Ditson & Co. J. E. Ditson & Co.
711 Broadway, New York. Successors to Lee & Walker Philadelphia.

The Texas Christian Advocate.

PUBLISHED AT GALVESTON, TEXAS, FOR THE METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH.

Goes to 723 post offices in Texas alone. Represents a membership of 60,000. A Live, Fearless Journal.

Subscription, $2.50. Send for advertising rate.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE **CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.**

The great interest in the thrilling history of our country makes this the fastest selling book ever published. It contains 442 fine historical engravings and 925 pages, with a full account of the approaching grand Centennial exhibition. Send for a full description and extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL,

EUROPEAN PLAN,

Cor. 16th Street and Irving Place, NEW YORK.

THE location of this house is one of the most central, yet quiet and retired, in the city. Only one block from Union Square, and in the immediate vicinity of all the principal places of amusement, Stewart's, Tiffany's, Arnold & Constable's, Lord & Taylor's, and other leading retail stores.

CHAS. B. FERRIN, Prop

Grand Conservatory of Music

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

112 Fifth Avenue, bet. 16th & 17th Sts.

The Most Successful and Complete Music School in the World.

Send for circulars.

ERNST EBERHARD, General Director, New York.

$15 SHOT GUN

A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, *or no sale;* with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main st. Cincinnati, O.

A NOVEL IDEA

$4.06 for $2!

The publishers of the **HOUSEKEEPER**—which is a first-class Monthly Magazine recommended by Jennie June, Mary L. Booth, Dr. W. W. Hall, James Parton and others—will, on receipt of the subscription price of **TWO DOLLARS,** deliver to each subscriber's nearest station, east of the Mississippi River, **FREE OF CHARGE,** one of their **"PREMIUM BOXES"** containing the following articles, viz.:

Cake of E. Morgan's Sons' Sapolio	Price 10c.
Cake of E. Morgan's Sons' Hand Sapolio	" 10
Package—½ lb.—Duryea's Satin Gloss Starch	" 8
Package—½ lb.—Duryea's Imp'd Corn Starch	" 8
Box Bixby's Best Blacking	" 10
Box Bixby's French Blacking	" 10
Package Dixon's Stove Polish	" 10
Dixon's American Graphite Pencil	" 10
Package—¼ lb.—Sharpe's Desiccated Cocoanut	" 20
Box—¼ lb.—Royal Baking Powder	" 15
Bottle Royal Celery Salt	" 25
Cake Jesse Oakley & Co.'s King Soap	" 10
Package Smith & Co.'s Crushed White Wheat	" 15
Bottle Spaulding's Prepared Glue, with Brush	" 25
Box Taylor's Gold Medal Washing Crystal	" 5
Package—1 lb.—Wilde's Prepared Rice Flour	" 15
Total	$2 05
And the HOUSEKEEPER, one year, postage paid	" 2 00
Making a total of	$4 06

for $2—*as above announced.*

The prices above quoted are **THE USUAL NEW YORK CITY RETAIL PRICES,** and the goods are the freshest and best in their line. The names of the *Manufacturers* who contribute the goods is our guarantee of responsibility and honorable dealing.

In addition to above liberal offer we allow **AGENTS A LARGE CASH COMMISSION.**

This is a rare chance for enterprising agents to make money rapidly and secure a *permanent* business.

AGENTS will save time by sending $2, for which we will forward, prepaid, a "PREMIUM BOX," Certificate of Agency, Sample Copies, Circulars, &c.

The N. Y. Weekly Sun of Jan. 12th, 1876, says:

"The readers of this paper who would like to get more than the worth of their money are referred to the advertisement headed a "Novel Idea," in another column. This is certainly "a new departure," and as the parties will do all they claim, we would recommend our readers to peruse the same carefully. *It is certainly one of the best chances for agents ever offered.*" Address

CHAS. F. WINGATE & CO., (Limited.) Publishers, 60 Duane St., New York. P. O. Box 5346

Sample copy sent post-paid on receipt of 10 *cents.*

READER,

Now, while you think of it,

subscribe for THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY (costs $3.00 a year, or monthly part $1.75 a year)—it is worth $60 to any progressive man or family.

It is a most interesting paper—pure, instructive and amusing; portraying with pen and pencil current events, historical, household, and useful subjects; fun as well as fact. Larger than N. Y. Ledger, and in character similar to The London Illustrated News—going alike to all sects and parties.

For 1876 it will be a grand illustrated history (and the best of the Centennial year. James Parton, Chief Editor. A host of the best contributors.

An illustrated supplement extra every week. Every subscriber is presented with a choice of *the three finest and largest oil chromos ever produced,* viz: "Beatrice," (portrait by Guido); "The Snow Storm," (landscape by Kaufmann), or, "Gold Fish, Fruits and Flowers," (by Jouanny); each in 21 oil colors and 4 feet by 2½ feet in size.

All postage on paper, supplements and chromos prepaid.

In a single year, this paper has attained the largest circulation save one among the illustrated journals of this country—best proof of its merit.

"THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, of New York, is certainly giving its subscribers a wonderful amount of good pictures for their subscription."—*The Advance, Chicago.*

"If there is one paper that we can enjoy reading from end to end, that paper is THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY."—*The Capital, Detroit.* "The inducements offered are fully carried out."—*The Independent, N. Y.*

AGENTS actually make from $60 to $20 a day during winter months. This combination sells itself. Boquet to secure an agency. Send address for specimens and liberal terms, or better yet, to save time, send $1.00 (P. O. D. $1.00) for a complete outfit, and make a hundred dollars while you would otherwise be waiting. You are sure to take hold anyhow. *Money refunded if not perfectly satisfied.* Branch houses for expression of grain at Boston, Chicago and Atlanta, Ga. For subscriptions, outfits or circulars, Address ORAN CLUCAS & CO., Publishers ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, 11 Dey St., N. Y.

WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS

are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. The CONCERTO STOP, *is the best ever placed in any Organ.* It is produced *by an extra set of reeds, peculiarly voiced, the EFFECT of which is* MOST CHARMING *and* SOUL STIRRING, *while its* IMITATION *of the* HUMAN VOICE IS SUPERB. WATERS' NEW ORCHESTRAL, VESPER, GRAND and VIALESTE ORGANS, *in* Unique French Cases, combine PURITY *of* VOICING *with great volume of tone; suitable for* PARLOR *or* CHURCH.

WATERS' NEW SCALE PIANOS

have great power *and a* fine singing tone, *with all* modern improvements, *and are the* BEST PIANOS MADE. These Organs *and* Pianos *are* warranted *for* six years, PRICES EXTREMELY LOW *for* cash *or* part cash *and* balance *in* monthly payments. Second-Hand instruments at great bargains. Pianos and Organs to rent until paid for as per contract. AGENTS WANTED. Special inducements to the trade. A liberal discount *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches

THE BOUDOIR.

A fancy for "Kettle Drums" has arisen among our fashionable people lately, and in some respects they have proved quite a success. Lest the uninitiated should imagine we were alluding to that most unmusical instrument, which so often mars instead of helping to make an orchestra, we will explain what the fashionable Kettle Drum is.

The custom is an English one, and as followed there is generally an informal gathering in the afternoon, between four and five o'clock, ladies in visiting costume, and gentlemen ditto; tea, and sometimes light refreshments, of biscuits, sandwiches, etc., are served. The mistress of the house, or one of her daughters, makes the tea, and the gentlemen hand the cups. As society in England is so very different from society here, at least in regard to gentlemen, such an institution there would be both easy and pleasant to carry out. There are always a plenty of lounging young Guardsmen, hopelessly bored heirs, and younger sons in abundance, who need to be amused, and are always available for such occasions. Here our young men are generally hard at work, either professionally or in a mercantile way, and, except on Saturday afternoons, are not easily obtained. We have entered thus into detail concerning these little gatherings, as some of our readers have applied concerning suitable toilettes for them, etc. We advise the adherence to the visiting costume, and will describe one which will be suitable and elegant.

It is of very dark green silk, combined with the finest cashmere of a similar tint. The underskirt is made with long full train, box-pleated flounce at the bottom; puff with ruffle top and bottom above. The back breadth has a casing put on, about two feet from the bottom, and has a tape run in drawing it, and causing the train to full well back. The overskirt is deep, and of the cashmere; it is hemmed, and has five rows of machine stitching in the hem. The right side has a perpendicular row of bows of faille ribbon, with longer loops at the bottom than at the top. The left side is looped rather high, and has a large outside pocket of cashmere lined with silk, and having a deep knife-pleating of silk at the bottom. It is suspended from the belt by heavy cords of green silk. The basque is a suirass, and has a knife-pleating of silk set on under a cording of the same, at the edge. The sleeves are of silk, and have cuffs of alternate folds of silk and cashmere. The collar is composed of folds of silk and cashmere. Hat of cream-colored felt, with beaver rim, turned up in front, with loops of cream tinted serge silk mingled with very dark, almost invisible green. A scarf of the former, netted silk and with soft tassels, encircles the crown. Ostrich tips of dark green fall over the back of the hat, and a shaded wing is placed at the back. Gloves of cream tint, four buttons.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A new kind of work is application of white crepe lisse upon delicately tinted silk. Beautiful pincushion covers, ties, etc., are made of it.

Latest advices from Paris state that Worth is trimming all of his dresses with ribbon bows in great profusion.

The cashmere lace to which we before alluded, is applied to all manner of uses—ties, trimming hats, and even worn for mask veils. Only the plain net is used for this latter purpose.

The newest in dog collars is a band an inch wide, composed of a network of fine silver wire.

In jewelry there are sets of finely carved ivory; vine leaves and a cluster of grapes, with delicate tendrils. Sometimes these are combined with coral, and are pretty for morning wear.

Black crepe lisse ties, wrought on the ends with scarlet silk, and below this having a knife pleating of the lisse, are among the novelties.

"Patches" are being revived in honor of the Centennial, and "half moons," circles, etc., adorn the peachy cheeks of the belles of 1876.

Parasol handles are shown in ebony, inlaid with gold, silver, and mother-of-pearl.

Fan sticks are now made quite large, and have a strong solid appearance. Mother-of-pearl and plain uncarved ivory are the favorite materials used.

Openwork stockings are fashionable.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

There seems to be a very decided predilection abroad, among the fair dames who kill time between the soieties with a fine pretense of embroidery, etc., to revive lace work in all its varied forms. We have before alluded to the excellent imitation of the different kinds of point lace that may be made by basting point lace braid on to cambric, where a pattern has been stamped, and then connecting it by bars of thread, wrought in wheel stitch. A difficulty arises in the making of such work here in the form of the costliness of the braid, and the trouble to find it at all—so few of the stores keep it. But there is another kind which can be readily made, and is within reach of all. To illustrate we give description of a tidy for a chair or sofa in this applique lace work. Our model is round, materials required are a half yard of fine Brussels net, a similar quantity of fine sheer Bishop's lawn or fine Nansook muslin; also several bunches of embroidery cotton of a medium fineness. It is better, if one is not very apt with the needle in such work, to fasten the material in a frame. Have a braiding pattern of arabesque figures intermingled with leaves, etc., stamped upon your muslin, either covering it, or else have a centre piece with four corner pieces, and a nice border of about an inch deep. Then baste the muslin smoothly upon the net, being careful to have it lie flatly and evenly. Work the braiding pattern in chain stitch, being careful not to draw thread or to make uneven stitches. Work the scallops of the edge in buttonhole stitch. When all is done, take your tidy out of the frame, cut away with a small sharp pair of embroidery scissors all the muslin from in between the braiding pattern, leaving on all that is included in the pattern proper. Be careful to cut very close to the chain stitching, so that there may be no frayed edges. Cut out the scalloped edges either before or after your work is laundried, for this latter must be done to give the requisite stiffness and shapely appearance necessary. We would suggest a few hints concerning this latter to those who are inexperienced. After washing, which must be done by dipping up and down in cold water first, then boil, dip into a thin boiled starch where there has been a little blue dissolved, and clap it between the hands until nearly dry, sprinkle, and pull in shape and iron it between linen cloths.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Can furnish the canvas you desire at 40 to 75 cents per yard. Wool from 16 to 22 cents per ounce. Patterns varying from 25 cents to $2.00. It would be far better to send per express.

JENNIE CLAIRE.—You should by all means wear a braid, or "switch" as it is termed, if your own hair is too thin and short to arrange in a presentable and fashionable way. Do not mind the ridicule of your severely proper friend. We doubt not but that she uses artificial means to improve her looks.

MRS. R. M. (Michigan.)—We can furnish you the canvas, etc.—see answer to "Old Subscriber." Yes; we advise you to make the Ulster for your little boy, despite the unusually mild winter: we may have a cold spring. We can furnish you with pattern, else you mention, for 50 cents and two stamps for mailing.

PERPLEXED ONE.—We sympathize with you over the accident to your silk. Take out the front breadth, and trim it with puffings or knife-pleatings of the darker shade, of which you say you have four yards left; put ruffle down each side when you put it in again. We advise taking it out to scour it, as it might deface the adjoining widths to scour it while sewed in. Get a sash of serge silk, or faille ribbon, to match the trimming silk, not the foundation material; have it fringed and knotted (the fringe, we mean), and loop the back width with it. A pale gray felt, with cardinal scarf around it, and gray ostrich tips, with shaded cardinal wing, will be pretty. Let us hear from you again.

ALICE M.—We can, and will answer most cheerfully your questions, which, we assure you, we do not think silly. 1st. We would advise the purchase of the slate colored silk for underskirt and polonaise, or overskirt and basque of similarly tinted cashmere for spring and late winter wear. Make the underskirt with one box-pleated flounce, headed by a puff, with ruffle top and bottom. Overdress deep and plain, with four rows of machine stitching around the bottom. Trim with bows of gros grain ribbon of a shade darker up the right side. The left is looped by a deep pocket of the cashmere, with knife pleating of silk at the bottom. Basque, a cuirass, with sleeves of the silk, and pleated English collar of the same. 2d. Get a cream-colored felt, trim with scarf of same tint, and have rouleau in front of dark blue or green. Have small ostrich tips of similar tint to rouleau, falling across the back. Shaded wing on the left side. 3d. Get French cretoline for curtains and lounge covers for your chamber. Have lambrequins of the cretoline, trimmed with a gathered ruffle. Instead of having the long cretoline curtains, have only the lambrequins, and full French muslin curtains underneath. 4th. By all means go to the ball, and enjoy yourself. Never call yourself old while your heart is young, and full of human sympathy and kindness. NINON.

THE EDITOR'S CENTENNIAL.

The waves of time have lashed their spray
Against our rocking pebble world
One hundred times since that great day
That Freedom's banner was unfurled
Above the ranks where heroes stood,
Prepared to die at Freedom's call,
Which first rang out o'er town and wood,
From grand old Independence Hall!

Brave colonists, with hearts so true,
They dared throw off their galling yokes—
("Why, Uncle Jake! how do you do,
This morning? How are all the folks?
Glad to hear they are well")—and with
The steel of sword and bayonet
Defend the right—("No, Mr. Smith,
Your posters are not printed yet.")

They met, nor flinched, nor bent the knee
To hirelings from a foreign shore;
Their cry was "Death or Liberty!"
("Come back, you cuss, and shut the door!")
War's thunder rolled! Columbia's skies
Were veiled, and lofty mountains shook—
("A quarter, sir, will advertise
Your lost morocco pocketbook.")

And fields were dyed with many a drop
Of crimson gore—though it did flow—
("Get shaved! You'll find a barber shop
This side—the second door below.")
Did flow—until the ground was wet,
And dotted o'er with clotted pools—
("No, haven't any copy yet,
Tell them to set upon their stools.")

They fought ("No!") like the sons of Troy,
And drove the British from our shores,
That we to-day ("Yes!") might enjoy
The peace ("O, curse the office bores!")—
The peace ("Whose poodle dog is that?"
Get out! Now let the 'devil' come.
I've copy for him, and it's fat!")—
The peace of—Pandemonium!

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;
OR,
The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

[This story was commenced in No. 28, Vol. 50. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

NUMBER IV.

A HONEY-HUNTER VISITS SNOW-BANK AND IS WARMLY RECEIVED.

The animals of the forests of Maine consist in part of bear, deer, wolf, catamount, wolverine, beaver, marten, sable, fox, and raccoon. Of course, the pine-squirrel is found there, but in such numbers as to require no mention. He is the privileged gentleman of the woods, and is seldom molested by the hunters. Wild geese are found on the lakes and streams when open, and quails, partridges, and pigeons abound in the woods and thickets. The ruling king of the upper air is the eagle, who gilds his plumage in the golden rays of the sun, far above the stateliest pines. In the woodland streams the salmon, speckled trout, and pickerel abound, and afford the hunter much amusement and excellent food.

With such a variety of game to tempt them, our young Nimrods led an exciting life. They attended to their traps with regularity, and secured many valuable pelts. Since the night of their adventure with wolves, and Kit's battle at Mooseprong, no glimpses of the phantom elk had been caught.

The guide still searched for the trail—sometimes alone, at other times accompanied by his proteges. When the boys were left at Snow-bank, they amused themselves with the manufacture of new traps and talking about the friends and relatives on the shores of Casco bay.

One morning, Snow-Shoe Kit left the hut, accompanied by Luther and Tite, the dog. The two were bound for Mount Bigelow, for the purpose of inquiring into the report of the sudden appearance of forty silver foxes in that country.

The fur of the silver fox is quite valuable, a good pelt often commanding the sum of fifty dollars. They expected to remain several days from Saddleback, and Harold McDonald and the remaining twain were left at home to watch the collected pelts and attend to the traps.

The duty devolving upon the young trio was not enviable, for good-for-nothing Indians or villainous whites often pounce upon the successful trapper, and in an unguarded moment, destroy or carry off the results of his arduous labors. Sometimes the bear, leaving his hibernacle, breaks into the trapper's hut, and demolishes everything beyond the threshold that will yield to his powerful strength.

Before departing, Kit told the guardians of Snow-bank how to treat the vagabond Indians who might visit the hut; and concerning the attacks of the depredating bear, he also spoke. The boys promised to obey his instructions, and saw the fox-hunters disappear over the snow.

The first and second days passed away without incident. Several sable were captured and a bee-tree felled. The tree secured the little party a good supply of delicious honey, which they carried to the hut and feasted on it like the guests of a royal table. They heard the winds without, but did not mind them, as their door was propped shut, and a warm fire blazed in the centre of the apartment.

Harold McDonald was mending a sable-trap in the light of the fire; Mark Boldly dozed over a volume of Mungo Park's travels, which he had brought from Portland, while Walter Duval, in one corner of the cabin, was counting the marten pelts, and speculating upon their value in the fur market.

The youths were thus engaged, when a sudden noise startled them. Mark dropped the book, and opened his eyes, while Quaddy sprang to the door with flashing countenance and bristling back.

Instantly rifles were seized, and without a word the boys listened for a repetition of the sound. They could not take their eyes from the dog who stood near the door, the picture of excitement and terror. When at last Harold spoke to him, he did not appear to have heard, and could not be pushed nearer the threshold. He had taken up his position, and would not leave it.

For many minutes the noise was not repeated; but the youths did not relax their vigilance. They watched the door as though they expected to see it opened despite the strong props. They fancied that they had secured it against the arm of man; but if several vagabonds determined to secure the valuable pelts stored in the cabin should attack, the portal must yield.

At last the sound was repeated. It was the sound of claws on the boards.

Quaddy started back with a low growl.

"A bear!" said Mark, boldly looking at his companions.

"He has scented our honey, and wants to enjoy the delicious morsel," Harold replied, not without some fear, for he knew what the bear will venture for his favorite delicacy.

"He is not wanted here; we did not invite the shaggy gentleman hither, and I suggest that we give him a ticket-of-leave in the shape of a bullet through the door."

"Oh, look here, Mr. Crispin! I bought these boots here only a week ago, and they're beginning to crack already!"

"Ah, miss! perhaps you've been *walking* in them! *Our* boots are intended for *carriage people*, you know!"

"Not if he is willing to depart without it," said Harold. "If wounded, his rage would soon burst the door in, and then we might fall his victims. He may depart of his own accord."

But bruin, having reached the depository of the honey which he had scented afar off, was not disposed to leave quietly. He began to growl fiercely, and to paw the door till it quivered and needed new props. The situation of the besieged was getting critical, and Quaddy, fully alive to the danger, was filling the cabin with his barking at the foot of the door.

"Give him the shot!" said Harold, suddenly turning to Mark. "Let us trust that it will find the brute's heart, and save our lives."

The bear was now bestowing a vigorous attack upon the door by throwing his huge form against it. Under the power of the novel battering ram, the boards strained and cracked, and the props began to bend.

With ready rifle, Mark Boldly stepped near the door, and waited for the next assault. It came, as furious as the ones that had preceded it, and while the portal still quivered, he sent a ball through the boards.

A howl of pain followed the shot, and then a deathly silence reigned without.

"Good!" cried Walter. "You gave bruin his quietus, Mark! A capital shot, and it has saved us!"

"Delivered in the nick of time! Look at the door!" said Harold.

The last assault had broken the hinges, and it was evident that the door could not withstand another attack.

But the battle was not ended. The silence was broken by a yell of rage that whitened every face in the hut, and Mark quickly drove a fresh ball down the grooves of his gun.

Bruin was not dead!

"Now for the tug of war!" shouted Walter Duval. "Let us stand our ground and give the beast our balls with precision."

The calm that followed the last sound was the lull before the storm.

It was rudely broken by the fall of a tremendous body against the door; the props snapped and fell asunder, and over the falling portal bruin tumbled like a great mass of black wood.

The boys, retreating beyond the fire, discharged their rifles, wounding the honey hunter for the second time, and quite sorely. He recovered himself, rose to his hind feet, till he looked like some monstrous ogre of the Hartz, growled at the besieged, and then dropped on all fours again.

"Make no mistake in loading!" said Harold McDonald. "We must finish the work with the second volley, or meet him with the naked knife."

Bruin showed his teeth and growled, while the youths loaded their rifles. Quaddy, with each hair on his broad back transformed into a bristle, growled at the bear, whom he was afraid to attack.

The second volley was delivered; but a sudden movement on the part of bruin rendered the aim almost fruitless. Then he rose on his hind feet again and came forward.

"The honey!" shouted Mark Boldly. "Give him what he wants!"

The next moment the box of honey on the rough shelf over the boys' heads was jerked down and flung at the bear's feet. The effect was as ludicrous as magical.

Bruin instantly dropped and ran his paw into the box. When he withdrew it, a magnificent comb was in his possession, and the clear honey dripped to the ground. He put it to his lips, tasted the prize, and then as if satisfied with himself, turned towards the door. With the honey he seemed contented to leave the boys, who watched him leave the cabin sorely wounded, and with the juicy comb between his formidable teeth.

"Good-bye!" shouted Mark with mock courtesy, flinging his hat after Sir Bruin. "We regret exceedingly your abrupt departure, and promise to be prepared to receive your future visits. *Au revoir, ursus Americanus.*"

The rifles were charged when the bear crossed the threshold, but he was allowed to depart in peace. The boys were afraid to rouse his rage, as he might make terrible havoc in the cabin should new wounds compel him to drip his honey.

He made his way towards the river, watched by the boys who could see his huge black body in the starlight. At length the sloping bank hid him from sight, and all hands fell to work at the door.

But my bear story does not end here.

The next morning Bruin was found on the ice of Saddleback cold and dead, with the luscious prize for which he had battled in his frozen paws. He had died from loss of blood and the nature of his four wounds.

The boys, elated over their victory, stripped the hide from the huge carcass, and guessed that their enemy must have weighed eight hundred pounds! The cold had preserved the meat, and it was with relish that the boys partook of the roasted bear meat that composed their breakfast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED."

A TRAGIC INCIDENT.

A tragic incident occurred recently in the Zoological Gardens. A *Times* reporter happened to alight from a street car beneath the railroad bridge in proximity to the garden simultaneously with a handsome young matron, a nurse girl with a baby in her arms, and a pretty child about four years old. The lady was richly attired, and so juvenile was her appearance that any observer might have thought she was probably the sister or aunt of the little one that toddled beside her. A moment afterwards a light wagon, occupied by a good-looking, well-dressed man and a liveried servant, approached at a rapid gate. As it passed, the young man stared inquisitively at the lady, who was just entering the gateway, looked back, and a moment afterwards pulled up, paid the entrance fee, and went rapidly up the walk in the direction the lady and her companions had taken. It was evident to the most *nonchalant* observer that he was smitten by her beauty. On the brink of the skating pond the reporter again saw the lady and her charges, and saw that the little girl had been entrusted to bear the burden of the baby, which was nearly as large as herself. A few yards away stood the young Adonis, trifling with his long, tawny moustache, evidently desirous of making an impression. After a while the little girl complained that it was cold, and that she wanted to see the bears, so the party proceeded towards the pits where the ursine animals are confined, closely followed by the dashing young man. While trying to induce one of the sun bears to catch a chew of "Solace," the reporter heard a shriek, and saw something white flutter down into the well of the black bears adjoining. The baby had evidently fallen into the pit! In an instant the chivalrous admirer of its mother had mounted the railing, and with wonderful agility sprang out upon the barkless tree in the centre of the well, down which one of the bears was descending with the intention of devouring the small child. He reached the ground almost as soon as the bear, and, pluckily grasping the fallen infant, was endeavoring to reascend the fallen tree when another bear came galloping with unsteady gait out of the hole and grasped his coat-tail. The cries of those above the cages had been heard by the keepers, and Nash, Scattergood, and Superintendent Thompson came running up. In his efforts to hold to the tree the young gallant relaxed his hold upon the child, and it fell into the paws of the first bear. All hope for the poor little creature was given up by the spectators; but Nash unlocked the gate of the den and beat the bears back into their caves.

"Never mind me; save the child!" cried the agile Adonis.

"Come down out of there, you enchanted idiot, or I'll have you arrested," was Captain Thompson's reply.

He descended, and quickly went through the iron portal of the pit.

"The baby!" he murmured.

"My wife and I are very much obliged to you for your gallant effort to rescue our daughter's doll, sir, but do you think the game was worth the candle?" said a stalwart, rubicund gentleman, Mr. Charles Seeley, of Green street, upon whose arm the lady who had excited the admiration of the bear-defier was now leaning, convulsed with suppressed laughter. A glance towards the nurse-girl, in whose arms were the headless remains of a large wax doll, satisfied the chivalric gentleman, and he started for the gate on a rapid walk.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

STARTLING FIGURES.—The following is a list of the various articles a man will have to consume should he live an average lifetime: 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1200 chickens, 300 turkeys, 263 pigeons, 140 pounds of salmon, 120 pounds of other fish, 30,000 oysters, 5443 pounds of vegetables, 2433 pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs, 4½ tons of bread, 3000 gallons tea and coffee, besides tons of fruit, barrels of sweetmeats, and hogsheads of wine. These are the figures given by Mr. Soyer, the cook of the London Reform Club, in his book, "The Modern Housewife," as the amount consumed by each individual in a lifetime, and they are said to be below, rather than above, the real quantity. Of course the food may be varied, but what is taken off from one kind must be added to some other.

PERSONALITIES.

THERE are said to be about 350 foundries in the United States engaged in the manufacture of stoves and furnaces, using annually 500,000 tons of iron.

THOMASSEN has furnished an Austrian playwright with a text for "Thomassen; or, the Wholesale Murderer of Bremerhaven." The play was lately produced in Vienna.

AN English gentleman has offered $25,000 to the London Missionary Society as the nucleus of a fund for establishing a mission on Lake Tanganyika, with its headquarters at Ujiji, where Stanley met with Livingstone.

THE cremationists ought to be happy. The Chevalier Rossi has been burned, with most imposing ceremonies, at Milan, and Lady Dilke and Shelley are no longer mourned alone in the history of progress.

BARNUM is getting up a monster show, to start out in the spring. It is to take 1,100 people, 500 horses, 62 cages, and fill 120 cars, built expressly for it. It is coming to the Centennial, too.

THE eldest daughter of Zachary Taylor, Mrs. Gen. S. C. Wood, died lately in Frieburg, Germany. The other living children of the ex-president are a daughter in Winchester, Va., and Gen. Richard Taylor, of Louisiana, who was a Confederate officer.

AMONG curious gifts taken out by the Prince of Wales for presentation to the native princes of India are eight of the best fire-engines that England can produce, with the Garter and Collar of his Royal Highness and the Star of the Order of India embla zoned on each.

THE wildest bandit on the Mexican border is Guy Lopez, of whom it is related that he was once a pensive peanut-vendor of San Francisco, and went to the bad because every policeman or millionaire that passed his stand stole a nut with an air of abstraction.

MR. SIFLEY, known as the hermit of Pike county, Penna', died on the 28th of January. He was formerly a wealthy merchant of New York city, but failing in business, his reverses so preyed on his mind that he fled to a wild, desolate place, several miles from any habitation, where for thirty-five years he has sustained himself by fishing and hunting.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, proprietor of the New York *Herald* and *Evening and Sunday Telegram*, is trying to introduce "Polo" ("Shinny" on horseback) in New York, and is about importing Canadian ponies for use in the game. It is an exciting, rather dangerous play, and will on that last account have favor. In base ball at the most you can only break your legs, whilst in Polo you can break your neck, which makes it vastly the better game.

MR. PROCTER, the astronomer, writes home that he is well pleased at the reception which the Americans have given him. He says that whereas in England Professor Tyndall does not usually get an audience of more than four hundred to hear him lecture, he himself can generally count upon having a thousand listeners. While in the United States Mr. Proctor has received a despatch announcing the arrival at home of twin sons, thus increasing the number of his children to eleven.

GENERAL ALBERT J. MYER, of the Signal Service, popularly known as "Old Probabilities," has just received an official letter from the International Congress of Geographical Sciences, assembled in Paris, stating that the Signal Corps under his charge has proved to be so remarkably organized, and the cause of such progress to meteorological science, that no honor provided for by the regulation of the Congress was deemed commensurate for it; hence this especial letter of distinction. He deserves it all. When the officer in charge of the weather has too many stormy days, he removes him, and appoints another of a more sunshiny temper. If space enough is allowed, the Signal Corps means to make a grand show at the Centennial Exposition. Arrangements will be made to receive reports from all over the country by telegraph on the spot, and bulletins will be issued there daily. There will be exhibited a field telegraph train suitable for following an army in active campaign, with all the apparatus for putting up and taking down a telegraph line at the rate of four or five miles an hour, with a signal station in the form of a truck, which can be raised to the height of seventy-five feet in a few minutes, and which forms part of the train.

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED!"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

COPPER and brass articles may be coated with zinc by dipping them into a boiling concentrated solution of sal ammoniac containing finely divided zinc.

A RECEIPT for a new kind of cement for plugging hollow teeth is published as follows: Seven parts burnt lime and sixteen parts glacial phosphoric acid are mixed together and pressed into the cavity, which has previously been carefully dried.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD has consented to undertake next summer a scientific exploration of the maritime route from the north of Russia to Behring's Straits, for which a donation of 25,000 roubles has been made by the Russian Society for Encouraging Commerce and Industry.

M. D. JOURDANET considers that barometric pressure has considerable influence on the conditions of life; low pressures, as would appear from some of his experiments made on dogs living on the Mexican plateau, at great heights above the sea level, tending to reduce the amount of oxygen present in the blood.

PAPER flour barrels are being made which are said to be air-tight and water-proof, to weigh much less than the ordinary wooden barrels, and to be able to stand much more rough usage. One of the manufacturers predicts that in five years every barrel of Western flour will be sent East in barrels made from the straw the wheat grew on.

IN blueing tacks or small nails at the Mitre Cut Nailworks, Birmingham, England, uniformly good results as to color are obtained by the employment of an iron cylinder, which is made to revolve, by the action of steam power, over a fire, and by this gentle and gradual process the nails are perfectly blued.

A CHANGE has recently been made in the length of pace to be used by the French infantry, whereby it is increased from 25¼ to 29¼ inches, and the cadence raised from 110 to 115 a minute. In the German army the step is 31½ inches, the cadence 112 a minute. The Austrian pace is 29½, the cadence from 115 to 120; the Italian pace is 28¾, the cadence 120, and in the English army the pace is 30 inches, with a cadence of 116 a minute.

A SOUND-WRITER, called an opoidoscope, is a new invention. On the end of a two-inch tube is pasted a piece of thin rubber or tissue paper. In the centre of this is placed a bit of looking-glass, one-eighth of an inch square. Hold this end in the sun and the other end in the mouth, and sing or speak in it. The ray of light reflected from the mirror, falling on a white surface, describes curves and patterns differing for every pitch and intensity, while the same conditions give uniform results.

USE OF TALC IN STEAM BOILERS.—MM. Vigier and Aragon recommend the use of talc as a preventive of scale. The Lyons and Mediterranean railway is stated to employ the method extensively, and with excellent results. The quantity of talc placed in the boiler at once, is about one-tenth of the weight of the solid deposit produced by two successive washings of the boiler. Not only is the formation prevented, but that already formed becomes gradually detached and carried away. This is a novel and interesting application of a cheap and abundant mineral, which has many curious properties, but hitherto has not been turned to much industrial account.

A BOSTON merchant, who imports nearly all the gutta percha which enters the United States, writes to the *Scientific American* to say that "the only region for production thus far discovered is the East Islands in the immediate vicinity of Singapore." The principal use made of gutta percha is for insulating telegraph cables and for cementing. India rubber is collected in localities all around the globe between the tropics. The best comes from the banks of the Amazon river. Brazil produces annually about 14,000,000 pounds, and the Central American States, Africa, and the East Indies together about 15,000,000 pounds. The consumption of India rubber is about equally divided between the United States and Europe.

NEW CURE FOR PALPITATION.—A cure for the arrest of palpitation of the heart has been given to the world by a medical correspondent, an account of which we take from the *Medical Times* of London. As a great many people are subject to this disease, it would be well for them to take a note of what the correspondent advises. "Palpitation, when not depending upon organic disease, may be almost immediately arrested by bending the head downwards, and allowing the arms to hang pendant." The correspondent further adds that "the effect is even still more rapidly produced by holding the breath for a few seconds, while the body is in this bent position." The above has been tried by a medical friend of ours, who is subject to the disease, and he says the effect is wonderful. As soon as he placed himself in the position described, the palpitation was immediately stopped.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Harold Percy's Adventure. "One Word with Thee." Brought to Light. Poor Relations. What Does it Matter? Bennie. A Wish. Out in the Snow. Hector's Gift.

E. A.—Your quotation about "Beauty unadorned," etc., is incorrect. The passage occurs in Thomson's "Seasons," and is as follows:

"Loveliness
Needs not the aid of foreign ornament
But is when unadorned adorned the most."

SMART BOY.—Smoking cigars, with or without cinnamon in them, is, beyond all doubt, very injurious indeed to young men, and to boys especially. If you have kept your word, "just to smoke until you got our answer," you should not have any difficulty in stopping it off altogether, and we hope you will do so.

W. B. M.—There is no absolute rule about making wedding presents. Perhaps the best way, and we believe it is the one which is most generally adopted now, is to leave all silver unmarked, so that the persons receiving the gift may have everything marked to correspond. But if you do mark it beforehand, then only use the initials of the bride's name.

J. S. E.—Bombay is an island, as you might have ascertained if you had consulted any Geography. It is about seven miles long by twenty in circumference, and came into the possession of the English through the marriage of Charles II with Catherine of Portugal, and now forms one of the three presidencies of Imperial India. It contains a strong fortress, a dock yard and a fine arsenal.

EDWARD DARLING was certainly a little too premature. A lady should never show herself too eager to win the affections of a gentleman; things too cheaply purchased are never properly appreciated. It is the same with gentlemen, they value those ladies the most who give them the most trouble to win. Love at first sight is never a lasting love, so you cannot be surprised if the gentleman has changed his mind; if he wished to continue the correspondence he would have answered your last letter.

C. HARTHOLOMEW.—We do not know what story it is you wish us to republish. When was it published before, and who was the author? 2. Yes, we have a Story by the writer you refer to, which will be published some time this year. 3. We cannot furnish the Poet "from the commencement of publication." You hardly realize, we fancy, what you are asking, and would be rather astonished if you could see the FIFTY-FOUR bound volumes of the back numbers of the POST, which are now standing in our office, dating back to the year 1821.

GERTIE is in very great trouble. The gentleman to whom she is engaged being out of the city one evening, she accepted another gentleman's escort to a concert, unaware of the fact that the two gentlemen very much disliked each other. Now her betrothed persists in disbelieving her ignorance of their feelings for each other, and Gertie don't know what to do. Rather unfortunate, but if you have told the gentleman that you erred through ignorance, and he isn't inclined to believe you, why let him sulk over it till he comes to his senses, which will doubtless be soon.

ELLIN G. T.—It is proper and polite for a lady to ask a gentleman to call on her, if she is desirous of continuing his acquaintance; it is well enough to ask him to call again though not considered necessary. 2. Mention the lady's name first. 3. Yes, say something to express the pleasure you have enjoyed. 4. In regard to accepting presents from gentlemen, much depends on circumstances, but it is not desirable for a young lady to accept valuable presents from a mere acquaintance. 5. A queer question to ask—of course if you accepted any present from a gentleman, the least you could do would be to say "thank you."

EFFIE.—You say that a gentleman, whose offer you have once already refused, has written you a letter, renewing his offer, hoping that time may have worked some changes in his favor, and being unwilling to relinquish all hope. You want to know what answer you should send him. This must depend altogether on yourself, and how far you are disposed to relent. This we know nothing about. If you are so disposed, of course there is nothing to prevent your granting his request. But if not you should at once, kindly but firmly, tell him that you beg him to consider the subject one which must not be renewed. As for the gentleman, he should be man enough to appreciate the old lines:

"Be she meek, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go."

H P.—We do not wonder that the young lady and her friends are so deeply offended with you for having been guilty of such a piece of unwarrantable impertinence as to address a letter to her, an utter stranger, simply because you happened to meet her at church so often, and have taken such a fancy to her. If you wanted to become acquainted with her, you surely could have obtained it in some other more legitimate and proper manner, and not have taken such an unworthy advantage of the accident of your both attending the same church. You have been not only guilty of a gross breach of etiquette, but have shown disrespect towards your professed religion, and a contempt for its observances by making your attendance thereon the occasion of affront to a lady. We do not see how you can in any way make matters any better by an "explanation," for what explanation can you possibly make?

PRUDENCE.—You ask for our opinion as to "the advisability of persons who differ in religious belief marrying each other, and whether such marriages are generally happy ones." Although we know of some married couples of different faiths who have lived and still live most happily together, still we are bound to express our opinion, since you have asked for it, that as a rule we do not think such marriages are conducive to happiness. They may respect each other's convictions, and with mutual love and mutual toleration they may enter on the path of married life with every prospect of happiness. But the day might come when the minds and religious sentiments of others would become their peculiar trust and anxiety, and the manner of whose worship and form of belief they would not be able to agree upon without faithlessness to what they themselves hold to be the highest truth. It is in this that the danger of such marriages too often lies, and from which so much unhappiness arises.

INSTITUTE.—The deepest sea-sounding that has ever been obtained was last year by the *Challenger*, off the coast of New Guinea. The lead weighed 4 cwt. and struck bottom at the tremendous depth of 4475 fathoms, or 26,700 feet. The method of deep sea sounding pursued in these days is interesting. Up to a depth of one mile and a half there is no difficulty in obtaining a sounding, together with a specimen of the soil at the bottom of the sea, by means of a heavy lead fitted with a valved tube; but beyond that distance breakages used to be continually occurring in the hauling up, from the necessary slenderness of the cord in comparison with the weight of the lead, which had to be increased, of course, in proportion to the depth. This difficulty was got over by the invention of a detaching apparatus, which sets the lead free when the line reaches the bottom. The first detaching apparatus was devised by a midshipman of the United States navy.

A. D. W. (Andover).—"I am very anxious to have my younger sisters get some good useful reading matter, something that will give them an average knowledge of history. Can you give me a list of the most suitable books I should get for them, some that are not too dry for young folks." There are few histories more interesting to young people than Prescott's Conquest of Peru, and the Conquest of Mexico by the same author. Let them begin with these. Then take Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, following that with Philip II. By the time those volumes are read a taste will possibly be formed for substantial reading, which will make Macaulay's History of England interesting. The Great Events of History, or some compend of that sort, should be at hand for reference, so that cotemporaneous characters and events may be kept clear and distinct in the mind. For works of fiction, Scott, Cooper, Miss Muloch, Miss Yonge, Hawthorn, Dickens, may all be read with advantage, for we do not believe in young folks—or old folks either for that matter—reading dry historical and biographical works all the time. Some good standard works of fiction, and a good, refined and non-sensational family paper, like the SATURDAY EVENING POST we would recommend as necessary and healthful relaxation and recreation for the mind. By the time your young sisters will have read the above list of books, they will have taste and judgment to select for themselves.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LILLIE.—Under the circumstances you state, you may with perfect propriety write to the young man and request him to give you an explanation of his present conduct. E. D.—By rights a year should elapse, but the rule may be modified by circumstances. INQUIRER.—Be more careful in the future, and you will not again be placed in such an awkward position. R. V. B.—When a gentleman is walking with a lady, if she meet a lady friend and bows to her, the gentleman should raise his hat in deference to the lady. L. H.—In point of years there is no disparity between your ages; they are just the ages at which husband and wife can auspiciously begin the journey of life together. C. P.—Cold baths are invigorating, no doubt, but not suitable to every constitution.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

A new story next week, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., entitled "BAFFLED!"